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JUNE 1994

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OUR BEST IS YET TO COME

PLATINUM PERSPECTIVE JUNE 1994

PLATINUM

PERSPECTIVE

As you can see from page one onward we at ***Platinum*** bring you a fresh perspective.
A **PLATINUM** PERSPECTIVE.

PLATINUM PERSPECTIVE is all that you've been searching for amongst the multitude of men's magazines, all contained under one cover. It is a mouthwatering mix of action, places, products, celebrity, wit and thought from around the globe. **PLATINUM** PERSPECTIVE is a place where photo journalism and text combine to create a visually stunning and accessible forum for expression—the striking journal of record for the nineties and beyond.

PLATINUM PERSPECTIVE, unlike any other, is dedicated to showcasing today's most desirable international models, actresses, and movie starlets of tomorrow—portrayed in gallery worthy photography with a powerful erotic charge, and a few surprises along the way.

Our team has been working diligently to make **PLATINUM** PERSPECTIVE a lifestyle journal for today's man—a single monthly resource that covers all the diverse facets of modern living.

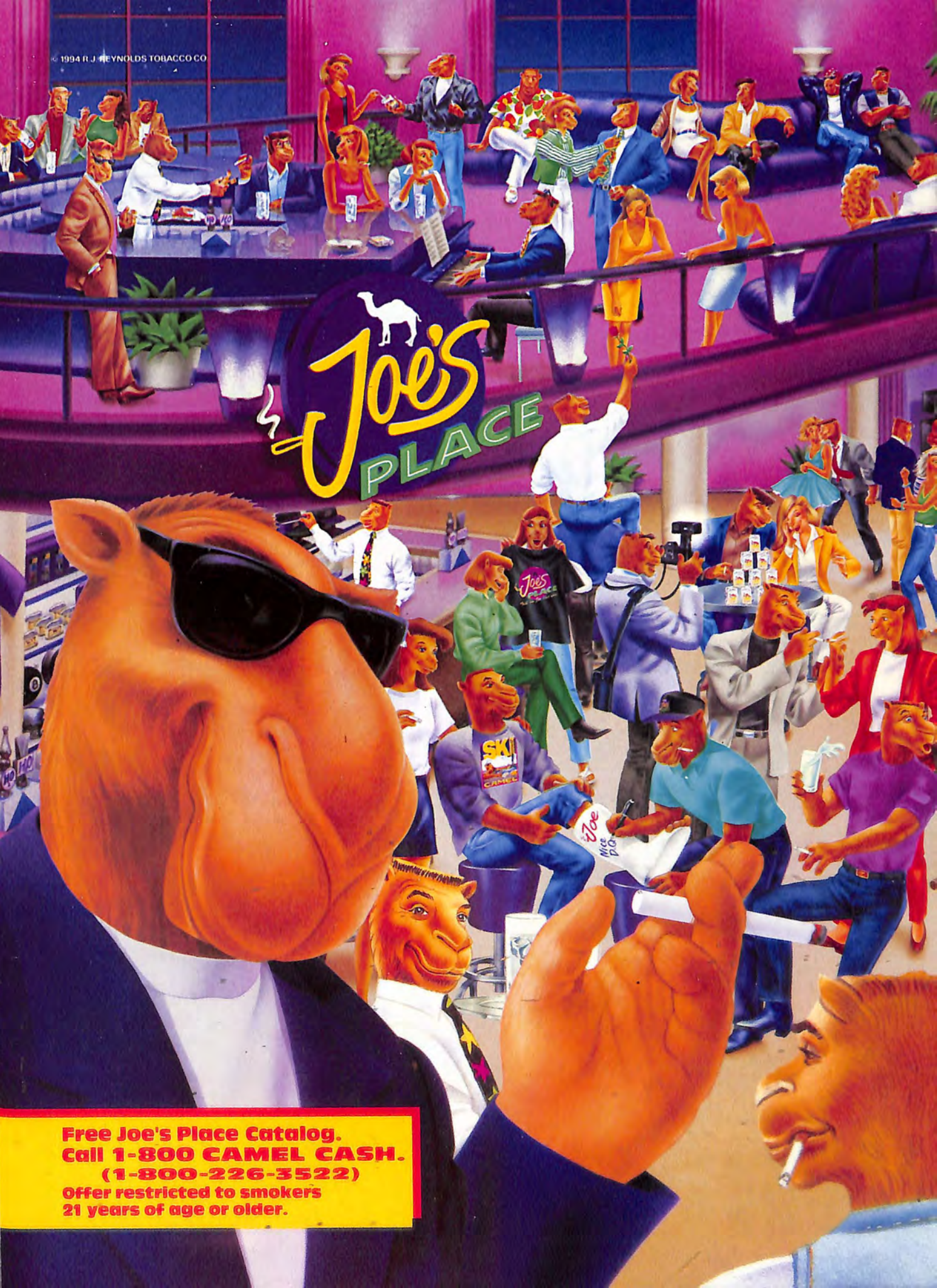
...As always, should you or any member of your I.M. Force be captured or killed, the secretary will disavow any knowledge of your actions.

Good luck Jim.

We vow to continue our quest for excellence, and trust that your support will continue.

So read on, and enjoy...

David Rafael
Editor-in-Chief & Publisher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THE BOMBAY SAPPHIRE MARTINI. AS SCULPTED BY ROBERT LEE MORRIS.

POUR SOMETHING PRICELESS.

Bombay® Sapphire™ Gin. 47% alc/vol (94 Proof). 100% grain neutral spirits. ©1993 Carillon Importers, LTD., Teaneck, N.J. ©1993 Robert Lee Morris.

contributors

In 'Totally Hidden Pauly', the eclectic Eve Brandstein presents her staple fare of incisive comment and clever observation, talking with Pauly Shore. Brandstein is a seminal writer on celebrity, her work often appearing across the board in a number of blue chip U.S. publications.

Peter B. Kaplan is a legendary figure within the contemporary world of photography - his work gracing magazine covers the world over. It is a special honor for PLATINUM PERSPECTIVES to publish the series of nudes which Kaplan shot on the creative knife-edge - from high on top of New York City's most staggering skyscrapers.

Trevor Miller's reputation in the UK is unmatched as a journalist, author, and playwright - His work being translated into eight languages across Europe. In 1991 he lectured around middle America, teaching creative writing and British Literature. Now resident in LA, we are pleased to have him as our new Executive Editor, and take this opportunity to introduce him to all our readers and subscribers.

'Land of a Thousand Dances' is by no means Jeff Blair's first adventure into the dark side. Blair's work has been published everywhere from the L.A. Times to Penthouse, and even Traveler Magazine. He is currently completing a screenplay on the surreal world of supermodels.

Sindri Kartvedt is from Iceland, and we publish his work for the first time in this issue. In 'Be Young, Slam-dunk, and Drink Pepsi', Kartvedt discusses the finer points of the game with the Shaq Attack, and gets big words from this larger than life all-star.

Mention the much-lauded publication *'Collector's'* and one name springs to mind - Jeff Dunas. The founder, of *'Collector's'*, Dunas laid out the ground rules for the contemporary photographic art Journal, in the process breaking many boundaries in his own career. In 'Painting with Light' Jeff Dunas showcases some of his most intuitive work, and we are proud to have his eminent byline grace this issue.

With credits varying from Vogue to the Village Voice, Martin Johnson is one of a kind - a popular Jazz writer, whose literary voice cuts across many boundaries. This month Johnson compiled our 'Hard Day's Night' column, doing the rounds of New York's bars and Jazz Clubs.

We would like to take this opportunity to apologize to Jeff Werner of Incredible Features, who, due to an unfortunate typo, was credited in a previous Risky Business feature as *Jeff Warner*. Mr. Werner, we assure you in the future your byline will not be misprinted. ●

CREDITS: Cover, Jean-Claude Maillard, Hair by Mitch Stone/Profile, Make-up by Aliki Demetriades/Profile, Styling by Rhett Collier/Celestine; page 2 top to bottom, Conrad Godly, Jean-Claude Maillard, Andrew Unangst, Dewey Nicks/Outline, Sean Bolger, Peter B. Kaplan, Johnny Rosza/LaMoine, Movie Still Archives; page 4, Stephanie Rushton; page 9 bottom, Drake Morton; page 10 top, Drake Morton; page12, John Greenleigh/Apple Computer; page 14, David Madison; page 16 left to right, Bruce W. Talamon/Paramount Pictures, Steve Sands/Outline, Bruce Birmelin/MGM; page 18 top to bottom, CBS Photo, Margaret Norton/NBC, NBC Photo; page 22 top, Rick Olivier, bottom, Drake Morton; page 24, Robert Beck; page 26, Chris A. Crumley/EarthWater Stock Photography; page 40, Outline; page 42-44, Movie Still Archives; page 46-47, Outline; page 48, Paul Natkin/Outline; page 62-63, Joe Viesti/Viesti Assoc; page 64 top, Joe Viesti/Viesti Assoc., bottom, Syncro/Cresari/Parisella; page 65,Joe Viesti/Viesti Assoc; page 66 top, Syncro/Fabio Parisella; page 67, Joe Viesti/Viesti Assoc; page 70, Rich Frishman; page 73, Robbie McClaran/Outline; page 97, Outline; page 98 top, Ben Van Hook/Duomo, bottom, Michael O'Neill/Outline; page 99 bottom, William R. Sallaz/Duomo; page 100, Andrew D. Bernstein/NBA Photos; page 137, Gary Farr; page 138-139, Photofest; page 142, Frederick Charles; page 144, Julian Wasser.

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This radio plays more of what you want to hear.

As a driver, few things are more irritating than trying to find your favorite kind of music on a dial jammed with stations—unless it's missing the traffic info you need during the commute.

Now, Denon and your friendly FM broadcasts have done something about this irritating situation. It's called RDS, a broadcast service that lets Denon's new, detachable face radios, the DCR-930R and DCR-730R, decode digital data sent out by the FM station. With RDS, the radio displays each RDS station's name and *format.* Now, you can search for only those stations that play your kind of programming, no matter what it is—Jazz, Country, Rock, Classical, whatever.

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SONY MINI-DISC

'Audio Lifestyle revolution'.

The new Sony Mini-Disc Walkman MZ-R2 is about the size of two cigarette packets, almost 50% smaller and thinner than its predecessor. Still, it boasts crystal clear digital playback and recording facilities. Once again Sony delivers up-to-the-minute technology in a slick and attractive matte black package. The Lithium-ion battery, as used in 8mm camcorders, has a continuous playback life of 6.5 hours, or 4.5 hours of recording time.

Unlike other systems, the MZ-R2 enables you to encode labels or titles for the recordings you make onto the actual disc itself. Weighing only 310g (with battery), the unit may double as a pocket-size dictaphone, or be used in any recording environment. And with over 1,000 pre-recorded albums now available it's a perfect companion for the hi-tech jogger.

Soon the in-car mini-disc/reciever unit and mini-disc changer will be available. The existing models are available at most hi-fi chains.

NAVY ONE BINOCULARS

'Sporting sights with a nautical touch'

Pioneer research, a leading supplier of optics to the U.S. military, has introduced the new 8X24 Navy One Marine Binocular. Unlike most compact binoculars, the Navy One is completely waterproof and is built to meet tough military specifications to withstand the rigors of the marine environment.

Traditional compact binoculars are made for use in good, dry weather conditions. But the 8X24 Navy One is designed for shock resistance and waterproofness, making it ideal for boating, sportfishing, climbing, camping, as well as all professional and leisure uses. And the ultra-slim profile makes the Navy One perfect to handle or slip in your pocket.

For dealers of the Navy One contact Pioneer Research Inc. (609) 854-2424

The ultra-sleek design of the new Mini-Disc Walkman (left) is as chic as it gets - and you don't necessarily have to jog with it. Although the Navy One (below) might look like a prop from a Steven Segal movie, it hits the spot for any regular, outdoor, or leisure pursuit.

PRINZESSIN

Lingerie gathers Momentum. New York's Momentum Electronic Publishing, makers of the acclaimed Hot Wire CD-Rom, release 'Prinzessin' this month - the first ambient lingerie catalog on CD-Rom.

This interactive disc features exotic models, showing off this season's innerware from up and coming designers selected by Noyuri Tokiwa of the Prinzessin Lingerie Company NYC. Designed to take advantage of the increasingly fuzzy lines between entertainment and advertising, this product allows the user to browse through the catalogue and select an item. They can then see product information, designer notes, or they can have one of the models move against a computer-generated

background wearing any of the erotic clothing in the catalogue.

Available in both IBM & Macintosh versions. For dealers call (212) 219-8020.

Prinzessin's ambient lingerie catalog (above) features catwalk worthy models. The Beosound Century (below) is available in four colors—anthracite, night blue, red and green - so it can fit with any decor you choose.

Jackie 'The Joke Man' Martling -CD or not CD

Hot off the rack, this month, we got hold of a copy of our very own Jackie 'The Platinum Joke Page' Martling's new comedy CD. Released on the *Off Hour Rockers* label, entitled simply *The Joke Man*, this new offering contains eighteen segments of Jackie's most sizzling new routines, and that unmistakable in-your-face schtick that's made him a household name across the nation.

The Joke Man CD is a perfect companion for your Walkman on a holiday flight, or for one of those evenings when you need to wind down and have a few laughs.

BANG & OLUFSEN BEOSOUND CENTURY

Hi-fi goes Star Trek.

Reminiscent of the flight deck of the starship Enterprise, B&O's Beosound Century is the last word in hi-fi design. With state of the art technology, B&O has created an all-in-one sound system - basically a meter long panel of speakers with a simple CD, receiver, and cassette deck section mounted in the middle. The plexiglass cover opens like a secret panel as you pass your hand over it. There's a high level of performance too, including auto-reverse on the cassette deck, and a 30-station programmable radio reciever. The system may be bookshelf or wall mounted.

Retailing at $1999 this is not a product for the faint-hearted; rather the enthusiast or design freak.

The Beosound Century is available at all good hi-fi stores.

BRITISH AIRWAYS ROCK 'N' ROLL TOURS

London swings again.

Even if you're too young to remember the Beatles and Stones the first time around, for the months of April, May & June, British Airways are offering a nostalgic package deal to Britain's rock 'n' roll heartland - Swinging London. With exchange rates on the upturn, London is an ideal location for the seasoned and novice holidaymaker alike this summer.

This particular tour, which weighs in around $1,000 (depending on duration of stay and accommodation), includes return flight from any qualifying gateway city, upscale hotel accommodation, free entry to Piccadilly's Rock Circus Exhibit, tickets to the Buddy Holly West End Musical, dinner at Planet Hollywood, and guided tours of the Beatles' old haunts. Other hot-spots include the legendary Marquee Club, shopping on the much touted Carnaby Street, or maybe even a visit to Abbey Road.

If you want to re-visit 60's hip with 90's comfort, and a rocking atmophere - this is the place to be. Check your travel agent for further info.

GUCCI SANDALS

Hot foot on the street.

Always known for creating the Rolls-Royce of both casual and dress shoes, Gucci has done it again, with their new range of soft leather sandals for summer. With classic lines, styled for both sporting chic or that important meeting on some sunny shore, the new Gucci men's sandal looks impressive with or without socks. Bearing the world renowned gold Gucci logo on the front tab, these shoes will never arrive unnoticed.

With rarely-matched quality and craftsmanship this sandal will outlast several seasons - and although the $195 price tag seems a bit steep, as with their loafers, a well made modern classic such as these should be seen as an investment rather than a fashion statement.

Available in a range of sizes from all Gucci dealers.

Swinging London's Piccadilly Circus (pictured above) has been a tourist mecca for almost a hundred years. The Gucci sandals (pictured below) come in a comfortable shade of brown nubuck leather, with tough viboram soles.

EGOISTE PLATINUM

A scent of royalty

You've bought the magazine, now smell the fragrance. Chanel's popular Egoiste label has just launched a new manly scent boldly titled Platinum. As the name suggests it nods to all things precious, regal, and European. Slightly lighter than its previous incarnation, and with a sensuous ad campaign to match, this Platinum fragrance comes in a full range of men's shaving and grooming products. And we advise you to get your purchase early, while the major department stores are still giving away free gifts with each major Platinum purchase.

Available at Dayton's, Hudson's, Marshall Field's, Bullocks, and nationwide department stores.

The Egoiste PLATINUM fragrances (right) come packaged with a special free compilation CD which has a series of Platinum disc tracks on it. For a sports ute the Kia Sportage (below) is fairly racy in body shape, despite the boxy reputation of oriental manufacturers.

KIA SPORTAGE

More muscle for less hustle.

Korea's oldest car maker now has head offices in Irvine, California. The little-known Kia brand will make its second foray into the U.S. market later this year with the Kia Sportage.

Eye appeal alone should be enough to sell this racy bubble-shaped sports ute, but with a price tag of $16,000 fully-equipped, the Sportage seems destined to give others in the category a run for their money. As Kia points out, the average sport ute sells for $24,000.

The basic dimensions of the two-door model make it close in size to the Jeep Wrangler. Its DOHC 2.0 liter, four cylinder engine should produce 135bhp, also similar to the Wrangler's base engine. A four-door model will be released first, followed a few months later by the two-door.

In a Consumer Reports Reader's Poll Kia fared well as a builder of good cars. Check your local dealer for details.

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techno file

INSIDE THE POWER PC

There's a new chip on the block and it's called Power PC. We're getting used to the idea that computers are always getting faster and cheaper, and the Power PC central processing unit — the brains of the desktop computer — is faster. A lot faster.

Ultimately, it could mean the Apple Macintosh and the IBM-compatible PC are able to communicate much simpler. Soon, that irritating hassle of having to find software that fits the computer rather than you, the user, could be over.

Power PC may upset many established relationships between some of the major players in the business. You've heard of the Intel Inside campaign? The Power PC chip could push Intel outside. And if the chip takes off, no-one's sure what's going to happen to Microsoft.

Apple Computer is the first manufacturer to build a computer with a Power PC chip at its heart. There are three Power Macintoshes, and all run the same software as original Macintoshes. Dubbed the 6100, 7100 and 8100, these machines zap through the job up to seven times faster than the top-line Apple Quadra. Of course, if the processor is faster, the whole machine speeds up and that's good news all round.

If you work with images professionally, you'll surely know how gruesome it is watching the screen painfully redraw each time you make a change to the picture. And if you use a power-hungry imaging program like Adobe Photoshop, you'll know that simply sharpening an image can mean coffee break time.

But no more. In other words, the Power PC is so quick, you'll be able to do things that were too awesomely slow to even think about bothering to do, so much power do they need. Like speech and handwriting recognition. Or full-screen digital video.

And a lot more applications will turn up once the machine is fully bedded in, in a year or two's time. After then, the system software, known as System 7, will have been fully optimized for the new chip. At the moment, it's basically the same stuff you find running on the average Macintosh and already it's snappy, like you've never seen a Mac fly.

It's so fast, in fact, that you can make the Power Macintosh pretend to be an IBM-compatible PC and *still* believe it. Apple's Power Macs even run Windows programs at a fairly acceptable clip (about the speed of a 486SX running at 25MHz).

And there's more to come. IBM makes the Power PC processor, using a design it developed in collaboration with Motorola (the people who brought you the mobile phone). The first Power PC chip got the less-than-stunning name of 601. The next version will be optimized for running in portables and will be called the 603. That's due out about the middle of 1994. Later still comes the chunky 604, and that promises to be super-fast.

Even IBM is designing a Power PC-based computer - the Power Personal. IBM once defined the standard desktop computer, but lost control of that standard to cheaper manufacturers. The IBM Power Personal, due out toward the end of the year with the Power PC chip inside it, might just change that. You'll be able to mix today's DOS and Windows programs with faster, modern programs designed for the Power Personal — or maybe even programs made for the Power Macintosh.

That's the theory anyway. The trouble is that the pace of change is ramping up. Ask anyone who's had much to do with computers and they'll tell you that it isn't wise to bank on promises made by computer companies 'til you've seen it in action. Yet the Power PC is the brightest hope yet to give Macintoshes the power they've always lacked, and to modernize the standard PC. ●

— Manek Dubash

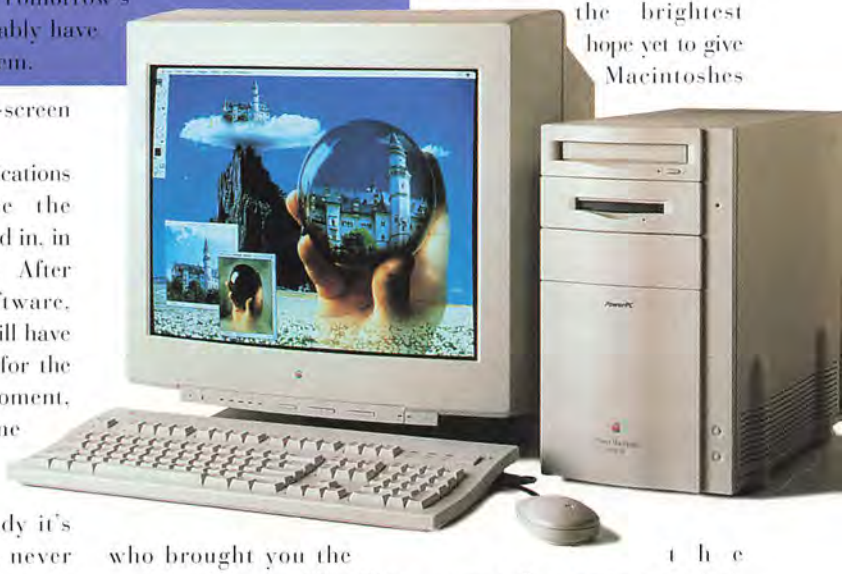
POWER CHIPS

Power PC processors are called RISC (Reduced Instruction Set Computing) chips, in contrast to the CISC (Complex Instruction Set Computing) chips at the core of existing Apple Macs and IBM-compatible PCs. RISC chips execute a small number of instructions very quickly, which is opposite to the CISC approach.

CISC chips have been getting more complex recently. As a result of their size, CISC chips get very hot, so they need large heat sinks with integral fans to keep their insides from frying.

RISC chips are physically smaller, because there's much less for them to do. And you can clock a RISC chip faster because it runs cooler.

While the software RISC chips run has to be more complex to compensate for the chip's simplicity, that complexity is more than outweighed by the extra power RISC delivers. So a Power PC running the Macintosh's System 7 operating system software is also able to run Windows at acceptable speed. Tomorrow's computers will probably have RISC chips inside them.



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Shown actual size.

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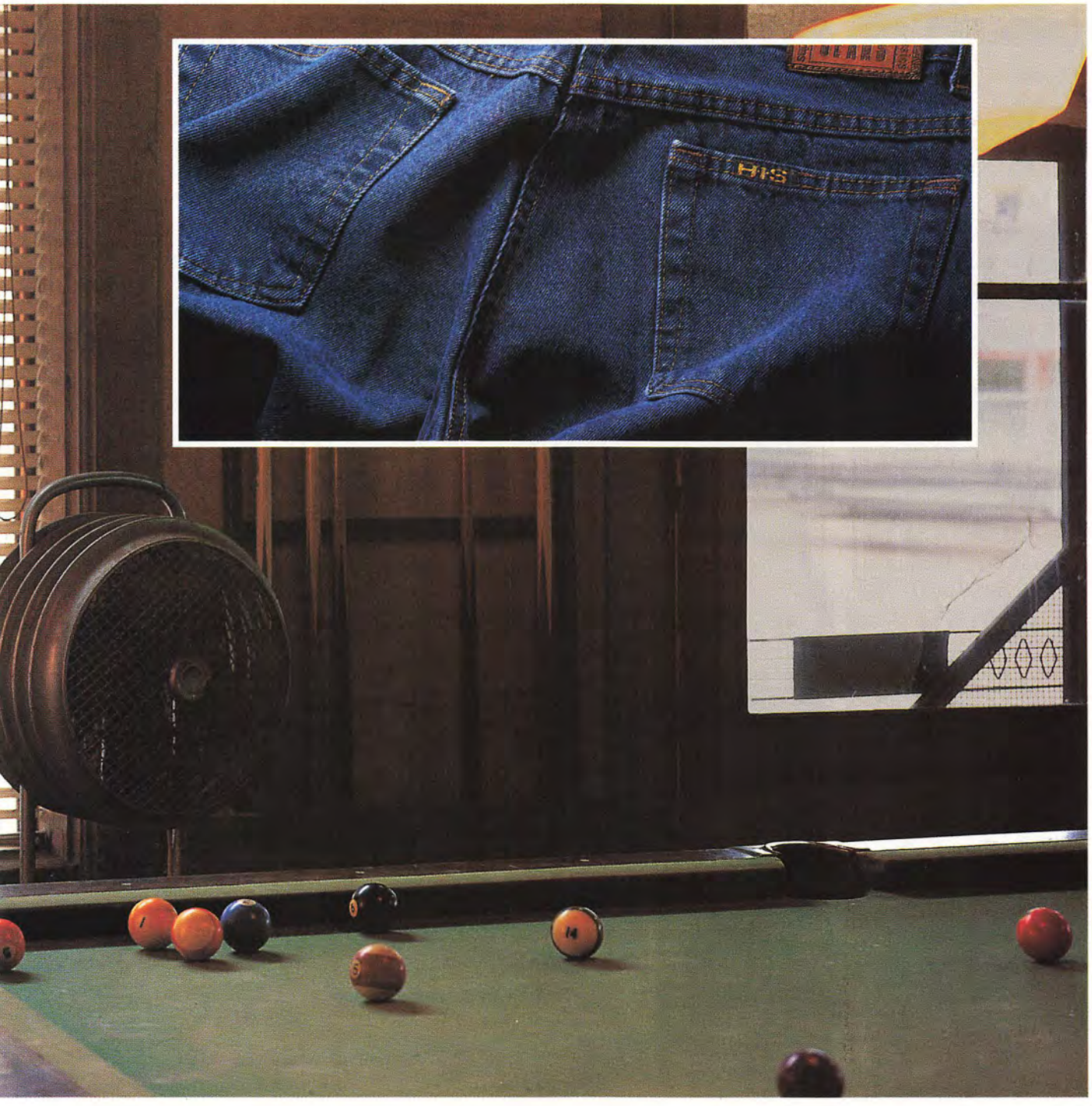

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COMING SOON...

BEVERLY HILLS COP III

It's been seven long years since Eddie Murphy's streetwise, wisecracking Axel Foley cleaned up the bad guys and cleaned up at the box office in the shape of *Beverly Hills Cop II*. Since then, it's become painfully apparent that Murphy is no longer Hollywood's golden child; Recent movies like *The Distinguished Gentleman*, *Another 48 Hours*, and *Boomerang* performed disappointingly, and the comedian's directorial debut, *Harlem Nights*, was a disaster. But like his alter ego, Murphy seems to do his best work when he's the underdog, and despite *BHC3's* troubled on-again/off-again history, the prognosis is good for this latest episode, which once again sends Motor City's best and baddest back to Lotusland and a murder investigation that leads to Wonder World, an amusement park peopled with criminals and thugs. (No, Disney didn't join Paramount to make *BHC3*.)

THE FLINTSTONES YABBA-DABBA-DOO!

Will *The Flintstones* stomp all over the summer competition the same way *Jurassic Park*'s dinosaurs made mincemeat out of Ah-nuld last year? Spielberg's Amblin Entertainment and Universal, the team that brought you those scaly heroes, are betting that it will, and they've spared no expense to bring Bedrock and its two-million-BC-era inhabitants to life. The sets are suitably cartoony/realistic and the casting is inspired — John Goodman and Elizabeth Perkins star as Fred and Wilma, Rick Moranis and Rosie O'Donnell star as Barney and Betty Rubble, and Liz Taylor appears as Fred's mother-in-law, Pearl Slaghoople. Promises to be a rocking good time for the whole family.

CLEAN SLATE

Dana Carvey, fresh from his success in the *Wayne's World* franchise, stars in this crime comedy as the improbably named Maurice Pogue, a cop-turned-private eye, who's sharper than Dick Tracy's nose and tougher than a week-old pizza crust. There's only one problem. After a recent bomb blast, he's suffering from a rare type of amnesia causing him to forget a few minor details — like who he is, what he does, and who's the beautiful woman sharing his apartment, Lucky Carvey. It turns out to be sexy Italian actress Valeria Golino, who co-stars with James Earl Jones, Michael Murphy, Kevin Pollak, and Michael Gambon under the direction of Mick Jackson, who, you may recall (even if Pogue wouldn't), had a little hit a year ago titled *The Bodyguard*.

COP TIPS WAITRESS $2 MILLION

Another romantic comedy from Andrew Bergman, the writer/director of *Honeymoon In Vegas* and *The Freshman*, *Cop Tips Waitress $2 Million* stars Nicolas Cage as one of New York City's finest, who impulsively promises a lottery ticket to a fetching but broke waitress, played by Bridget Fonda. It's a grand and generous gesture that does not sit well with the cop's upwardly mobile wife, played by feisty Rosie Perez, who predictably hits the roof when she finds out that her old man has given away a couple of million dollars. Veteran Cage, last seen in the surprise hit *Guarding Tess*, and Fonda are both loopily endearing, but once again it's relative newcomer Perez who almost steals the show. ●

STONE BAGS SCHIFFER FOR NATURAL BORN KILLERS:

Glamorous super model Claudia Schiffer recently spent some time behind bars in the maximum security Stateville Correctional Center in Joliet, Illinois.

No, the German beauty and former Guess? girl isn't guilty of appearing on too many magazine covers. In a highly surreal moment that seems entirely in keeping with the mood of Oliver Stone's upcoming *Natural Born Killers* (starring Woody Harrelson, Juliette Lewis and Rodney Dangerfield), Schiffer appeared inside the prison one day, with a video crew.

"No one could believe it was actually her," reports one witness. "They were shooting inside a heavy duty prison, surrounded by murderers, gangbangers and armed guards, and in walks this gorgeous creature. Can you imagine? "

It's rumored the super model put in her unlikely appearance as part of a behind-the-scenes deal that Stone cut with the all-powerful prison gang leaders which would allow him to shoot in Stateville with full cooperation from the inmates. "It was along the line of, 'We'll help you make your movie on one condition - you fly in Claudia Schiffer first,'" sources say.

A production staffer confirms. "Schiffer did spend an afternoon in the prison, and she did meet one of the gang leaders. He was a very large and very charming guy, sort of like Mr. T and Kojak rolled into one, who's called Big Loc, and he was thrilled."

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Leaves brown near the base signaling maturity, the fifth agave has the qualities he seeks. It is huge, weighing some seventy kilos. Coa razor sharp, the jimador trims off the long spiny leaves with practiced strokes. Red liquid oozes from the plant as the agave "bleeds", another sign it has reached the peak of maturity. Shorn of its leaves, the heart of the agave, the piña, resembles a very large pineapple.

This agave harvested, the jimador looks for the next perfect specimen. A smile breaks across his weathered face as he spies a selection even more magnificent than the last.

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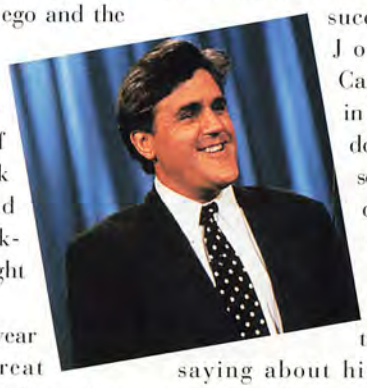
the tube

TWILIGHT ZONING

Some call it the most violent and troubled area on earth today, a shadowy world where warfare is a way of life, where summary firings and executions are legion, where duplicity and a gift for plotting are often handsomely rewarded.

No, we're not talking about piddling localized conflicts in the West Bank or the tattered remnants of Yugoslavia, we're talking about The Main Event, where a bruised ego and the loss of advertising clients can cost the networks billions of dollars (just ask Chevy Chase and Fox). We're talking The Late Night TV Wars.



Over the last year or so, the Great American Public has watched in awe and amazement as bloody behind-the-scenes power struggles have erupted between some of the industry's key players, including David Letterman, Jay Leno, Arsenio Hall, Conan O'Brien and the late, unlamented Chase.

Now HBO has announced its plans to make a movie about the conflict, based on *The Late Shift*, the book by New York Times writer Bill Carter, which charts the rise and fall of the ubiquitous late night hosts, andwhich paints a far-from-flattering picture for the most part.

"It's an incredibly dramatic story, and the stuff that goes on you wouldn't even believe," says one insider. "It just sounds too wacky but it's all true."

Like the time Leno, the amiable lantern-jawed successor to Johnny Carson, hid in the next-door room so he could overhear what NBC executives were saying about him. The comedian then called NBC Entertainment President, Warren Littlefield, who just happened to be sitting on the toilet at the time.

Right now, the hottest topic of conversation in Hollywood is about who will portray Leno, Letterman, et al. The host of *The Tonight Show* has already nominated (some say half-jokingly) the likes of Tom Cruise, Alec Baldwin and Lorenzo Lamas to fill his shoes. Tom Hanks is being floated as a possible Letterman, although many point out that President Clinton's brother, Roger, bears a striking resemblance. And Faye Dunaway has been suggested to portray *villainess* Helen Kushnick, Leno's former manager, whose Gestapo-style booking tactics on the show ultimately ended in her firing. "Faye would be perfect," comments another insider, "provided she played it in her demented *Mommie Dearest* persona."

But the greatest speculation seems to be revolving around just who will be good enough — or stupid enough — to portray super-agent and powerful Creative Artists Agency head Michael Ovitz, the man who helped cut the deal that saw Letterman leave NBC for greener pastures (reportedly $15 million green) over at ABC.

Michael Keaton's name has certainly been bandied about town a lot recently. "Nah, he's too lightweight," scoffs one top agent. "You need a real heavy weight to do Ovitz."

Now, if only Brando's still free... ●

VIDEO REVIEWS

Available in May

MRS. DOUBTFIRE - Released on Fox
With some of the biggest box office last year, Mrs. Doubtfire will undoubtedly be a home video hit. Robin Williams, in the title role, is an out of work actor who masquerades in drag to see the children from his broken marriage. With inspired visual comedy, this film delivers its' modern message about relationships with an honest flair. Platinum VCR rating: 8 / 10

THE REMAINS OF THE DAY - Released on Tri-Star.
Justifiably nominated for eight Academy Awards, Remains of the Day pulls off that most demanding of all cinematic tricks - a convincing display of internal passion. Anthony Hopkins stars as Stevens, the quintessential English butler who blindly puts his sense of duty ahead of larger moral issues - and his sense of loyalty in front of his own personal feelings for the high-spirited young housekeeper played by Emma Thompson. Platinum VCR rating: 9/ 10

A PERFECT WORLD - Released on Warner Bros.
Set in the fifties, Clint Eastwood plays a burnt-out Marshall on the trail of an escaped convict. The con (Kevin Costner) has kidnapped a small boy. But strangely, roles change as Costner becomes the boy's father figure, and we realize Eastwood was instrumental in Costner's conviction.

Costner turns in one of his best performances, and Eastwood is definitely looking more thoughtful in his old age. Platinum VCR rating: 7/ 10

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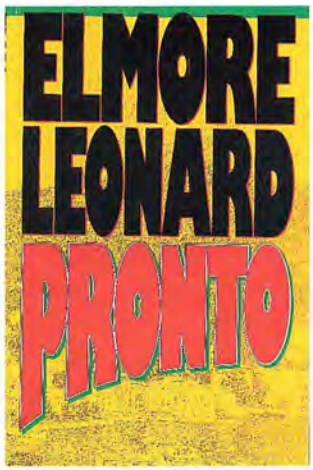
CRIMINAL ELEMENTS

For decades the popular image of the crime writer has been a seedy one - sat hunched over the typewriter in a dimly lit basement. Time may have moved on, so this month we did a little undercover work ourselves, and here we've got the dope on the current crop of the most interesting crime novels around.

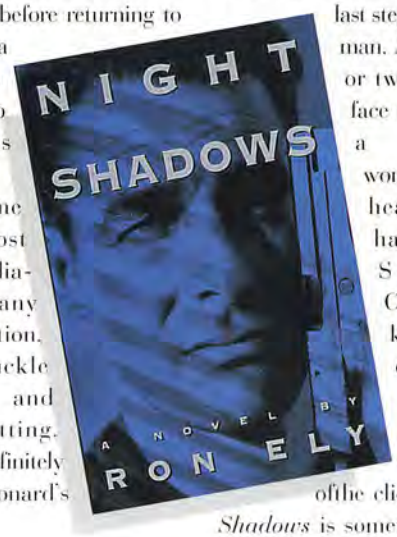


Pronto - Elmore Leonard - Delacorte Press ($21.95)

Elmore Leonard is the Babe Ruth of crime fiction, with many hit novels like *52 Pick-up* and *Mr. Majestyk* under his belt. Pronto is of that vintage but bang up to date.

In *Pronto* he takes us to Italy, where Harry Arno, a crooked bookie from Miami, is on the run from 'The Zip' - a strong arm for gangland's heavy hitters. Arno has been a fall guy for an FBI hit on organized crime. And with the US Marshall on his tail along the Italian Riviera, Arno must redress a W.W.II war crime he committed, before returning to Miami in a last ditch attempt to rescue his girlfriend.

With some of the most authentic dialogue of any modern fiction, white knuckle suspense, and slick plotting, *Pronto* is definitely some of Leonard's best.



Night Shadows - Ron Ely - Simon & Schuster ($20.00)

Ron Ely was the thinking man's Tarzan of TV serial fame.

In *Night Shadows*, Ely uses the backdrop of his playboy home and haven, Santa Barbara, to frame his high speed murder mystery novel, which gives more than a nod to the retro-noire style of Raymond Chandler. But Ely isn't quite of that league. Instead his slightly implausible hero, Jake Sands, ex-government anti-terrorist agent, owes more to the product-oriented high camp of an 'Arnie' movie.

Of course, on his way back to the exclusive gated community, Coco Palms, Jake witnesses the last steps of a dying man. And a corpse or two later he's face to face with a beautiful woman, head to head with a hard bitten Security Chief, and knee-deep in death, deceit, and deception. In spite of the clich-és, *Night Shadows* is sometimes witty, and the attention to detail is refreshingly contemporary.

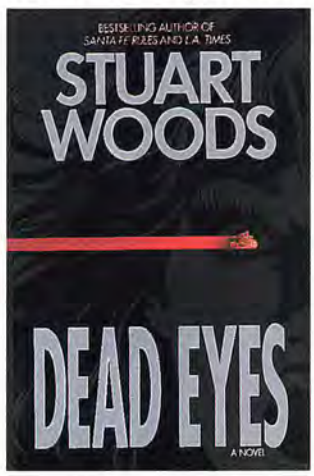
With a series of Jake Sands books in the works, I'm sure Ron Ely has laid his loin cloth to rest.

Dead Eyes - Stuart Woods - Harper Collins ($22.00)

Author of *L.A. Times* and *Santa Fe Rules*, Stuart Woods' latest work, *Dead Eyes*, is macabre in the extreme. Set among the chi-chi haunts of Beverly Hills, this staccato chiller deals with the movie industry, and the inveterate psychotics who surround it.

Chris Callaway, a rising young Hollywood actress, begins to receive letters signed 'Admirer'. First the letters are accompanied by roses, but then by more distasteful offerings. Callaway's immediate irritation flips into cold fear when a freak accident makes her emotionally vulnerable.

Enter John Larson, Beverly Hills Police Department's

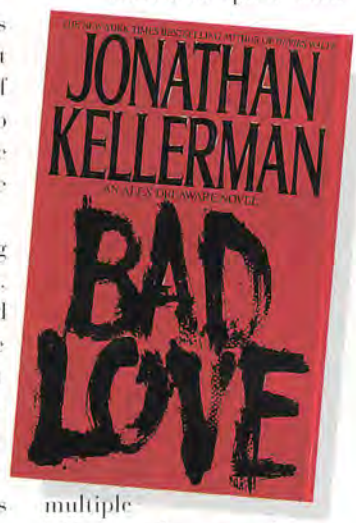


finest. Larson begins his hunt for Admirer. Still, Admirer's cunning is razor-sharp. Larson's already getting desperate, his career hanging by a thread. The only answer is a trap, with the shattered Chris as bait. And this is Larson's fatal mistake.

Dead Eyes is compelling, and Woods writes his world-weary stomping ground with a refreshing zeal. This is one for the crime fiction aficionado.

Bad Love -Jonathan Kellerman - Bantam ($22.95)

The eighth of Jonathan Kellerman's Dr. Delaware novels, *Bad Love*, is a 'stalker' novel, complete with multiple killings and a strangely psychotic mystery assailant. It all begins when Dr. Alex Delaware is sent an audiocassette recording of a horrifying, soul-lacerating scream, followed by the sound of a child-like voice delivering the enigmatic and haunting message: "Bad love. Bad love. Don't give me the bad love..."



For Alex Delaware, this nursery rhyme is how the nightmare begins. With the help of his friend, LAPD detective Milo Sturgis, Alex discovers a seemingly random series of violent deaths that are linked to a clinic for troubled adolescents. And unless Delaware can decipher the evil mantra of the stalker, then maybe his will be the next body on the morgue slab.

The painstaking detail of this book is often staggering, each page littered with surprises and building menace. With such often-unmatched finesse, it's easy to see why Kellerman's work is praised so highly by the critics, and why Alex Delaware devotees number millions. ●

—Frank O'Shea

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play list

BOXMANIA

The 'box set' format is certainly a curious one. With the increasing popularity of retro-rock, 70's pop, and Motown-influenced soul, any CD collection would not be complete without at least one old-school tribute to some late or great.

The following reviews are on the 'boxes' to purchase and love for a lifetime of musical enjoyment.

Smokey Robinson & the Miracles - 35th Anniversary Collection
Motown Records

This release is the Mack-Daddy of box sets. A four-disc set spanning four decades of Smokey Robinson & the Miracles. Like Smokey himself, this box set is a class act. Designed like a hardcover book, the contents include: numerous photographs, artwork, discography, foreward by Claudette Robinson, Smokey's former wife and Miracle.

There are so many great songs on these discs, no review could do them justice.

Janis Joplin
Columbia/Legacy Records

A comprehensive three-disc box set for Janis Joplin fans. These three discs chronicle her topsy-turvy career with bands; Big Brother & The Holding Company, The Kozmic Blues Band, and the Full Tilt Boogie Band. It contains plenty of previously unissued material as well as live recordings, and alternate versions of songs. A perfect box set for the aging baby-boomer looking to recapture the glory of days gone. You have to be a hard-core Janis fan to extract maximum enjoyment from this box.

Soul Train Hall of Fame - 20th Anniversary
Rhino Records

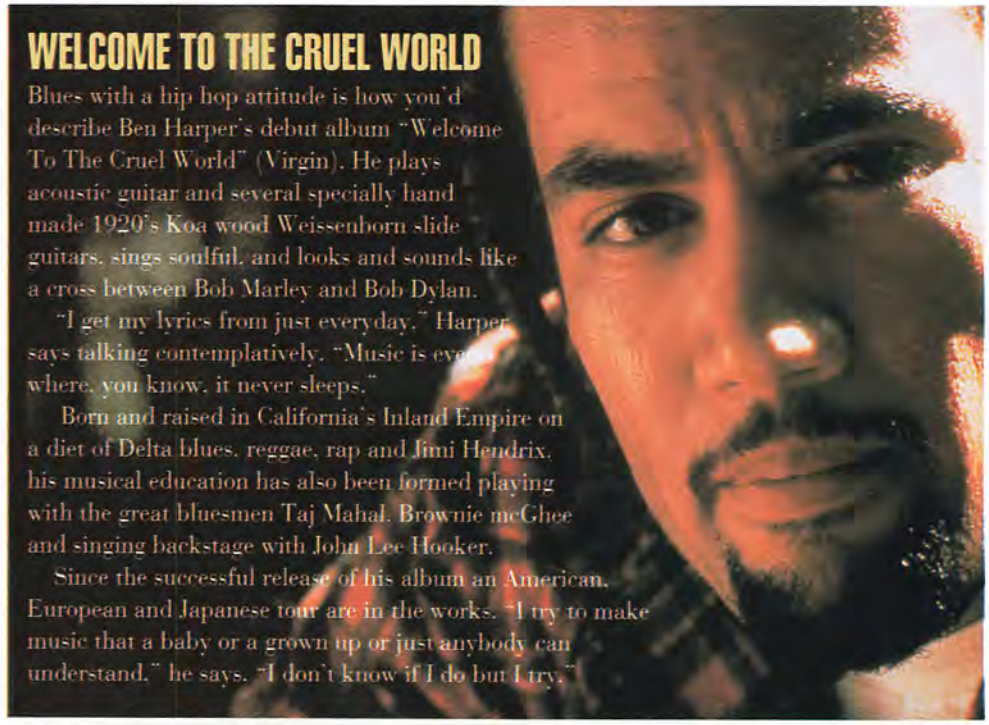
This compilation packs a strong punch on the first two volumes. James Brown, The Isley Brothers, Al Green, Aretha Franklin, and the Four Tops are featured on the first disc. The progression pushes foward on disc two with performances by Teddy Pendergrass, The Gap Band, L.T.D. and Prince. The Soul Train compilation derails, so to speak, on disc three, with Lionel Richie, Freddie Jackson, and M.C. Hammer. Well, R&B ain't what it used to be.

Overall, Soul Train's Hall of Fame box set, to quote a reputable source, "tears the roof off the sucker."

The Buddah Box - A History Of Buddah Records
Essex Entertainment

A three-disc set tracing the musical output of Buddah, Kama Sutra, and other associated record labels. The Kama Sutra label released all of Lovin' Spoonful's hits, included on disc one.

Where Buddah had most of its luck was in distributing smaller labels such as Curtis Mayfield's Curtom label. Mayfield's, "*Freddie's Dead*" and "*Superfly*" tracks fill disc two. Gladys Knight & the Pips, Sha Na Na, Trammps, and even the Fat Boys round out the field on disc three. If you missed all of K-tel's records over the years — this box set might satisfy your quota of pop/rock. ●


WELCOME TO THE CRUEL WORLD
Blues with a hip hop attitude is how you'd describe Ben Harper's debut album "Welcome To The Cruel World" (Virgin). He plays acoustic guitar and several specially hand made 1920's Koa wood Weissenborn slide guitars, sings soulful, and looks and sounds like a cross between Bob Marley and Bob Dylan.
"I get my lyrics from just everyday," Harper says talking contemplatively. "Music is everywhere, you know, it never sleeps."
Born and raised in California's Inland Empire on a diet of Delta blues, reggae, rap and Jimi Hendrix, his musical education has also been formed playing with the great bluesmen Taj Mahal, Brownie mcGhee and singing backstage with John Lee Hooker.
Since the successful release of his album an American, European and Japanese tour are in the works. "I try to make music that a baby or a grown up or just anybody can understand," he says. "I don't know if I do but I try."

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BEACH LIFE BALL STARS

Beach volleyball is America's newest multi-million dollar sport. It's TV-friendly image of bronzed blond gladiators battling it out in front of crowds of bikini clad beauties is making it one of the country's fastest growing sports.

The potent mix of sun, sex and sizzling on-court action has made the sport's stars the

beach-side equivalents of Michael Jordan or Joe Montana. And thousands of adoring female fans - known as the volley dollies - make sure the court-side action is every bit as hot as the game itself.

As Randy Stoklos, the sports first bona fide millionaire, once put it, "Every sport has its groupies, but these groupies are in bathing suits."

Take Kent Steffes, for example. At 25 he is already one of the most successful players the game has ever seen, and thus the object of these so called 'volley dollies' lust. In the 1992 season the California native won over $300,000 in prize money alone, coming away victorious in a record-breaking 18 tournaments. The UCLA economics student, who goes pheasant shooting in his spare time, is also loaded with sponsorship deals with everyone from Fila to Hawaiian Tropics sun lotion. In his 6 years as a pro he has seen the game rocket from a minority pursuit to becoming a prime-time TV attraction.

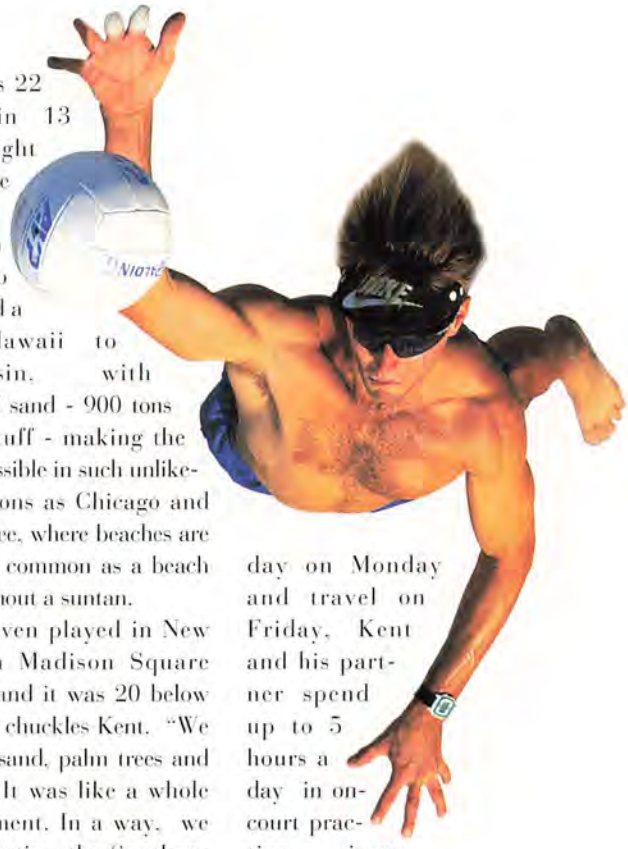
"Sure the image makes a difference," confesses Kent. "Sport is entertainment, and if they want to be entertained by tanned fit young bodies then... whatever floats their boat I guess."

Once a strictly Californian affair, pro beach volleyball is

now a nationwide phenomena. Millions of viewers, more than for golf and even some baseball games, tune in to the pro version on national TV. But not surprisingly it is the Californians - specifically Los Angelenos from State, Manhattan and Laguna beaches - who have a stranglehold over the pro game.

"It's every one of my friends' dreams, to do what I do," says Kent, a proud Californian. "To play beach volleyball and travel the world. In fact that's all I do: work out and go to the beach all day. That's my life."

The Association of Volleyball Professionals tour now hits 22 cities in 13 states right across the country, from Illinois to Florida and Hawaii to Wisconsin, with imported sand - 900 tons of the stuff - making the game possible in such unlikely locations as Chicago and Milwaukee, where beaches are about as common as a beach bum without a suntan.



"We even played in New York in Madison Square Garden and it was 20 below outside," chuckles Kent. "We brought sand, palm trees and a band. It was like a whole environment. In a way, we are exporting the Southern California lifestyle."

This is a sport for people who don't like to work too hard for those who prefer to catch rays rather than pump iron: one in which glamour plays more than a minor role. But it's hard work too.

"You can start as early as 8:00 and you go on until 5. It can be 9 hours of almost continuous play, in 110 degree heat. You're taking 3 steps and jumping continuously for 9 hours. And you also break fingers all the time. You're blocking inches away from someone hitting the ball at close to 100 miles an hour. But you just tape it up, rub some dirt on it and go back in."

Not surprisingly, Kent's training regime is every bit as tough as the top competitors from other pro sports. A finely tuned program of weights, stamina work-outs and on-court tactical training keeps him hard at it all year round. With the exception of a rest day on Monday and travel on Friday, Kent and his partner spend up to 5 hours a day in on-court practice, jump training, weight lifting and sprints.

"It comes down to physical and mental conditioning," he says. "Who can last longest when it's 110 degrees and 80 per cent humidity and the sun is beating down on you and there's 15 thousand people screaming at you."

It is also a case of approaching your sport with the dedication it deserves. The days of just turning up and throwing yourself into a game are clearly long gone. The game is no longer all about the three S's - sun, sand and, you guessed it, sex - as it once was. Even so, Kent, for one, is reluctant to let the good old days disappear completely.

"It can get pretty crazy," admits Kent with a sheepish grin. "Signing people's bodies? Oh yeah, it happens a lot. And I mean every imaginable body part. It happens so much that it isn't even a shock anymore." ●

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spirits of adventure

THE SPLICE OF LIFE

Rum is the stuff of pirates and old sea dogs. Always has been. The fuel that drives carnival and Mardi Gras. It's fifteen men on a dead man's chest and every one of them's got a hangover ferocious enough to sink a galleon.

Despite the persuasions of two decades of semi-clad Lamb's Navy Rum girls, of tropical beach advertising pitches and sophisticated

New York cocktails, rum remains a gale force spirit of yo-ho-ho repute. Who cares that it outsells vodka or that a rum-and-coke is *the* American drink? What does it matter that a bottle of vintage rum can stand head and shoulders beside a Scottish malt or Tennessee sipping whiskey as a fine after dinner drink?

Rum retains its rough-and-ready rumbustious image no matter how hard the pony-tailed ad executives try to sink its Jolly Jack tar aura.

Even though the daily rum ration was abolished for members of the British Senior Service on 31st July 1970 — Black Tot Day — the spirit that was originally called Kill-Devil in the 17th century still steams with high seas tradition.

From splicing the main brace, through totting up a drink to feeling groggy the morning after, the nautical relationship with rum has colored our whole language of drinking. During the Prohibition bootleggers smuggled anything they could get their hands on but were still called rum-runners. Somehow the dark and violent image just suited all those little Caesars.

Blame it on the pirates like Blackbeard or the mercenary privateers like Captain Morgan who gave no quarter to the crews of the galleons they captured - but who gave his name to a fine incarnation of the drink. Blame the press gang who tricked or bludgeoned the young men of the sea ports. And of course blame Robert Louis Stevenson and his classic salty tale *Treasure Island.*

But more than all this, blame it on the drink itself. There never is smoke without fire and rum is a drink that will not so much shiver your timbers as put fire in your belly and a sweat on your brow.

It's a drink that makes boys men and puts hair on the chests of women. The distillation of molasses creates the clear alcohol that is the base for all versions; from white rum like international brand leaders Bacardi, C.J. Wray, and Cruzan, through the golden-brown blends like Cockspur, to black mixes like Myers. Coloring comes in part from the oak casks in which rum is aged, and also from the addition of caramel and while alcohol content is usually roundabout the 40-60% mark, for the intrepid seafaring type elixirs like the 60% 'proof' rums of South America and the Caribbean lie waiting to be smuggled back into home waters. If you do become a modern rum-runner the rewards are not just an exotic bottle for your sideboard, but a vessel of awesome potency. Take care.

While the image of rum is steeped in naval tradition, its history is no less riotous. Form the near addiction of sailors to the stuff, the watering down of rum into 'grog' was delayed for years due to fear it would precipitate a mutiny. To bootlegger Bill McCoy, king of New Jersey's Rum and Row and creator of the phrase 'the real McCoy,' rum has always been the real thing. During the thirteen years of Prohibition, Cuba's proximity to the U.S. turned Havana into America's very own saloon. Special Pan Am charters flew the wealthy down for 'wet weekends' of salsa and serious drinking...'Fly to Cuba today and bathe in Bacardi Rum' ran the small ads. Bacardi rum became the household name it is today and Hemingway drank daiquiris until the revolution came. Of course, once Castro took over running the shop things had to change. The Bacardi boys fled and took Fidel to the World Court to stop him using the brand name. So out of the old refinery came Havana Club. For years, this elixir was rare. But now, thankfully, smarter bars stock the trinity of 3, 5 and 7 year old rums. The 3 year old is good enough to drink neat, but is usually mixed. The 7 holds its head proud alongside a brandy.

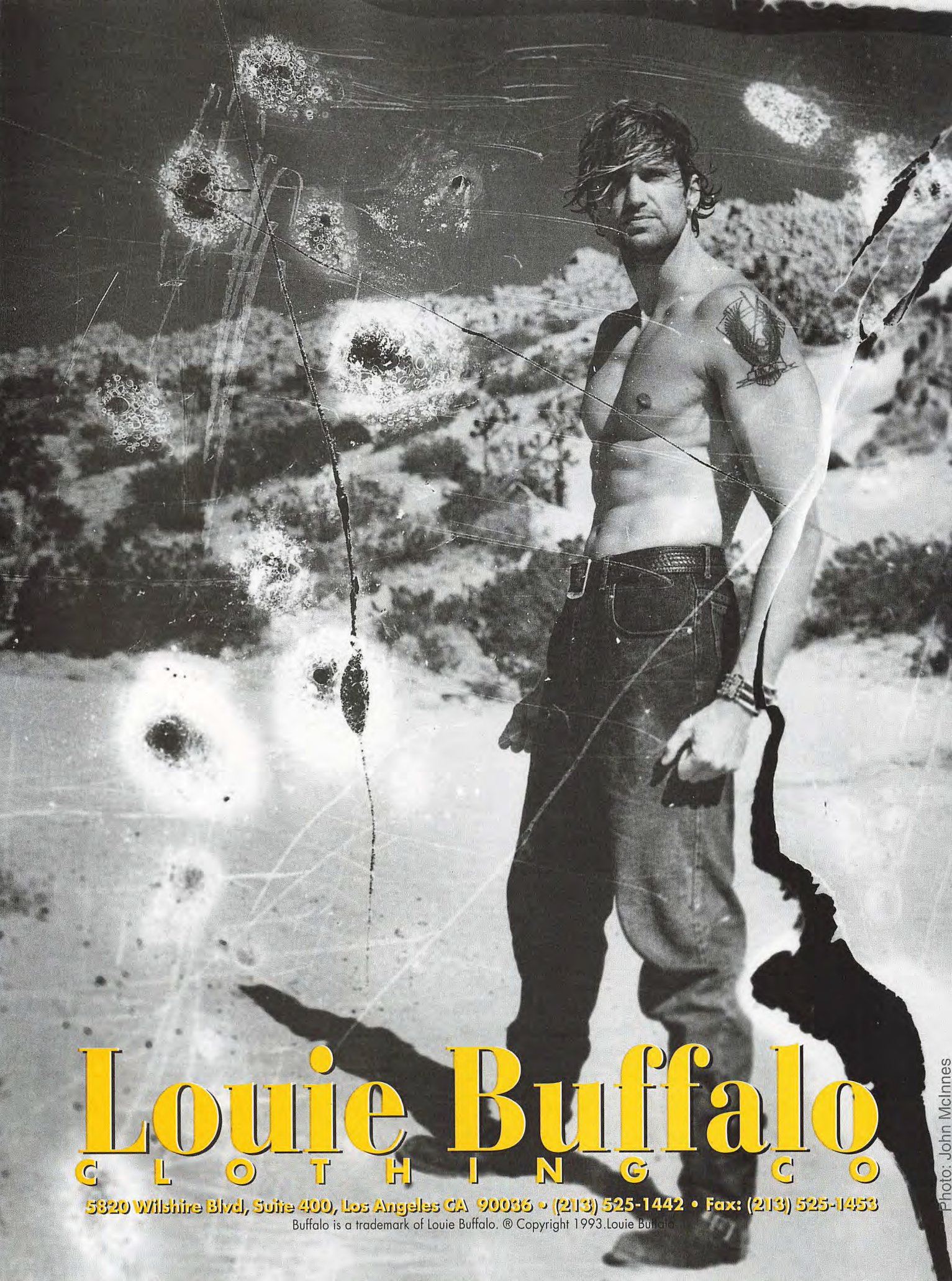
And it is this serious side to rum that is new. The rough and ready party punches, the old grog and the Bacardi rum-and-coke of the swinging scene are firm favorites already. Now the new wave of sea dog is sniffing out a tot with a touch more class. Often at a fraction of the cost of our continental cognacs, armagnacs and fancy liqueurs — and with a whole boat load more machismo. The seasick need not apply. ●

CUBA LIBRE
1 oz Bacardi rum
Juice of half a lime
Lots of ice in a tall glass
Top off with coca-cola

DAIQUIRI
1 oz white rum
1 tablespoon sugar
Juice of half a lime
Shake with ice and strain.
(For fruit daiquiri's use blender with fruit of choice, and add ice for frozen daiquiri.)

PLANTERS PUNCH
4 oz dark rum
2 oz lime juice
1 tablespoon sugar
Dash grenadine
Dash Angostura bitters
Juice of an orange
Top off with soda water in glass with ice

ZOMBIE
2 oz white rum
2 oz dark rum
1/2 oz apricot brandy
1 oz pineapple juice
Juice of half lime
Juice of small orange
Blend and strain into frosted glass. Cherry optional.



Louie Buffalo
CLOTHING CO

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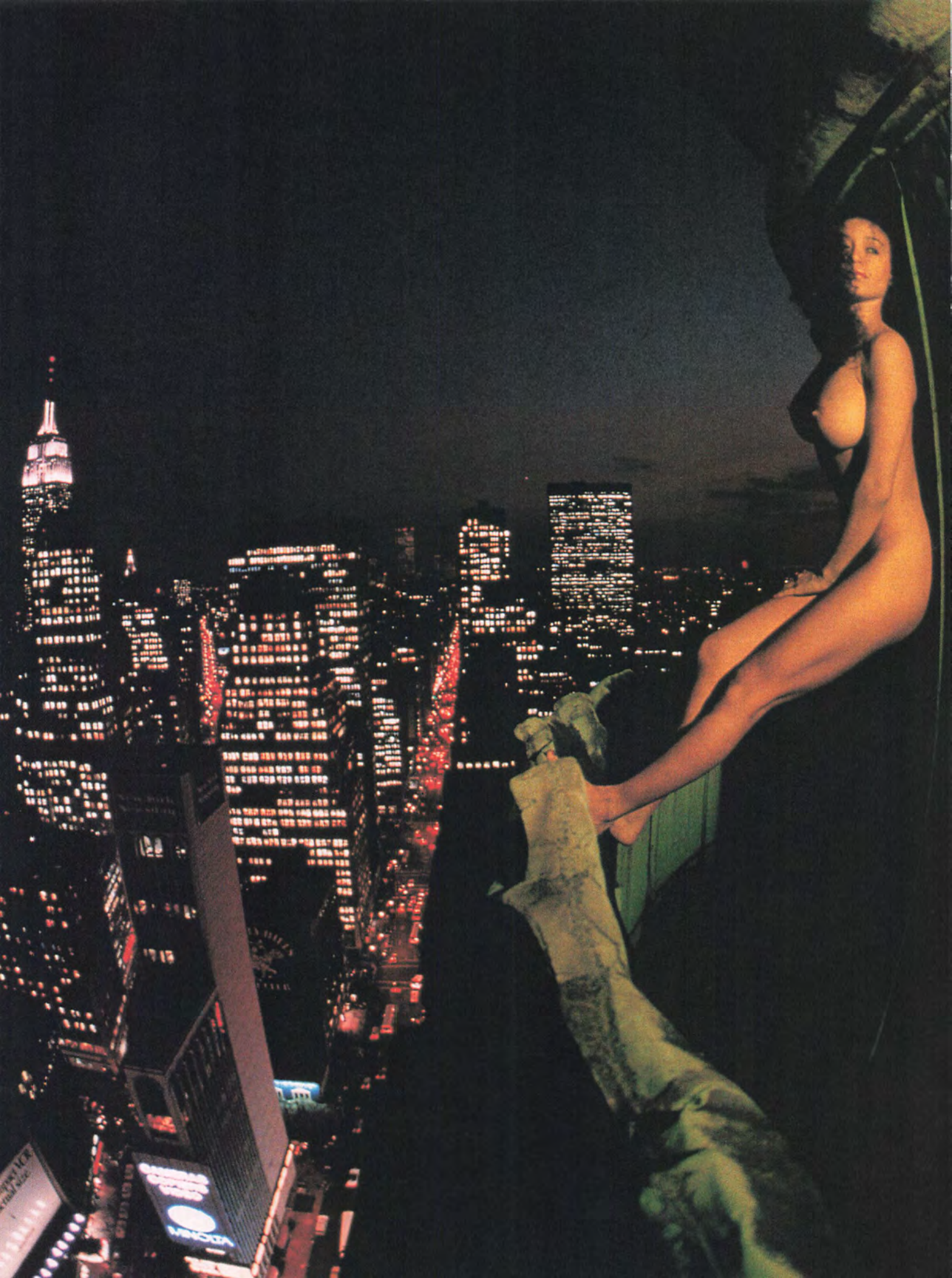
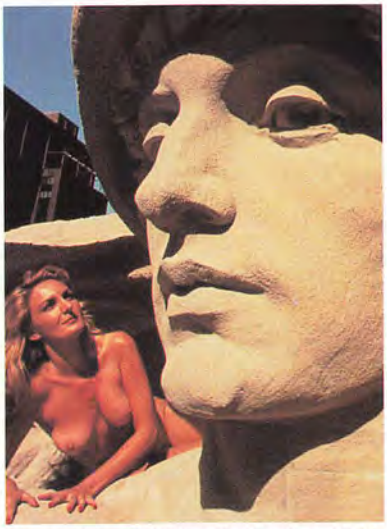
Photo: John McInnes



PETER B. KAPLAN IS 'OUT OF THIS WORLD' IN EVERY SENSE OF THE PHRASE. FOR DECADES, AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS PROFESSIONAL CAREER, KAPLAN HAS LIVED AND WORKED IN THE STYLE OF A LATTERDAY ADVENTURER. CREATING EVER-ASTONISHING WORKS ON NATURE AND WILDERNESS TERRAIN, HE IS PROBABLY MOST RENOWNED FOR HIS SKYLINE IMAGES OF THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, STATUE OF LIBERTY, AND THE CHRYSLER BUILDING. THESE STAGGERING PERSPECTIVES WERE ALL SHOT FROM EITHER ROOFTOPS, SCAFFOLDING

PETER B. KAPLAN



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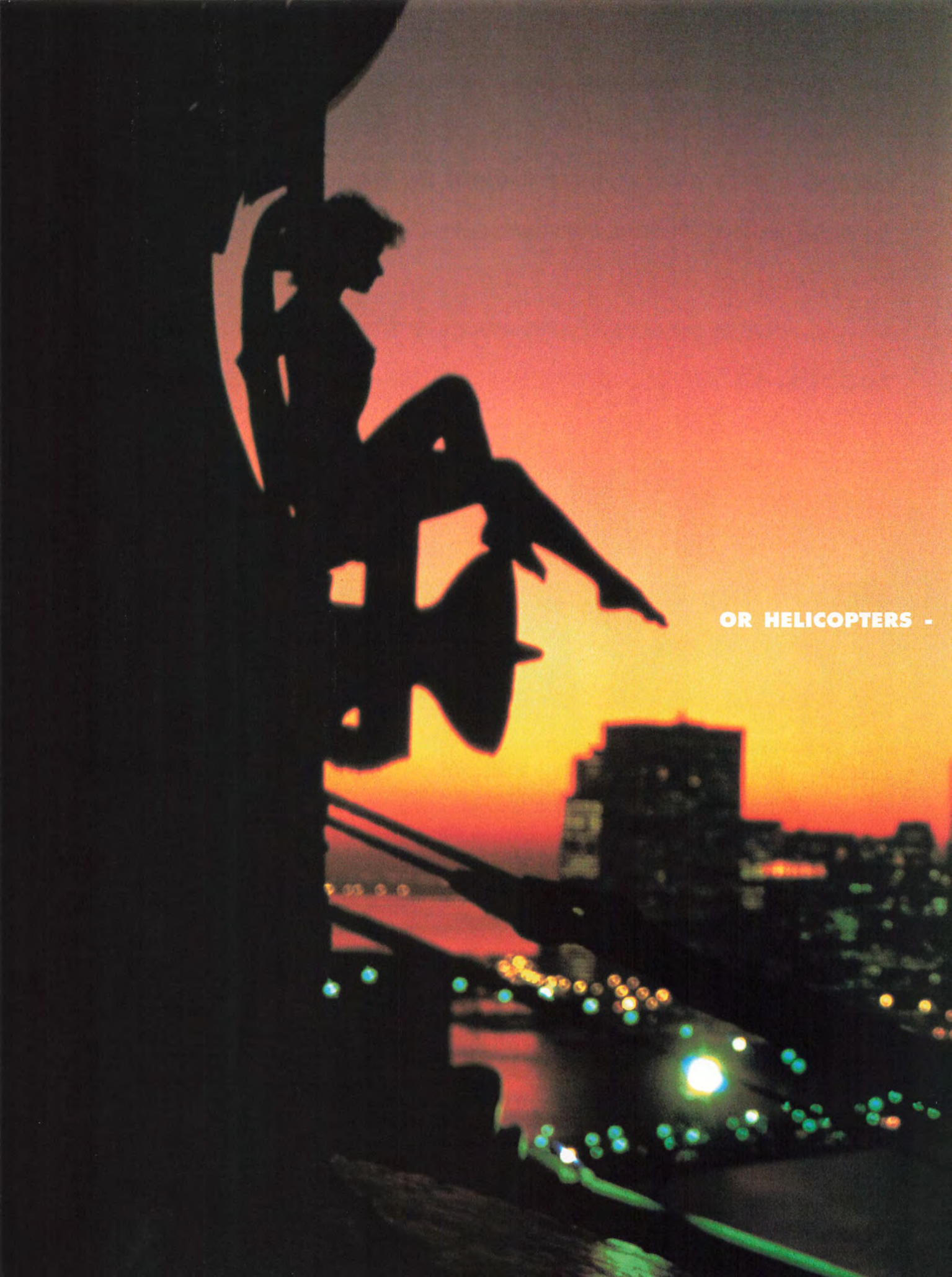
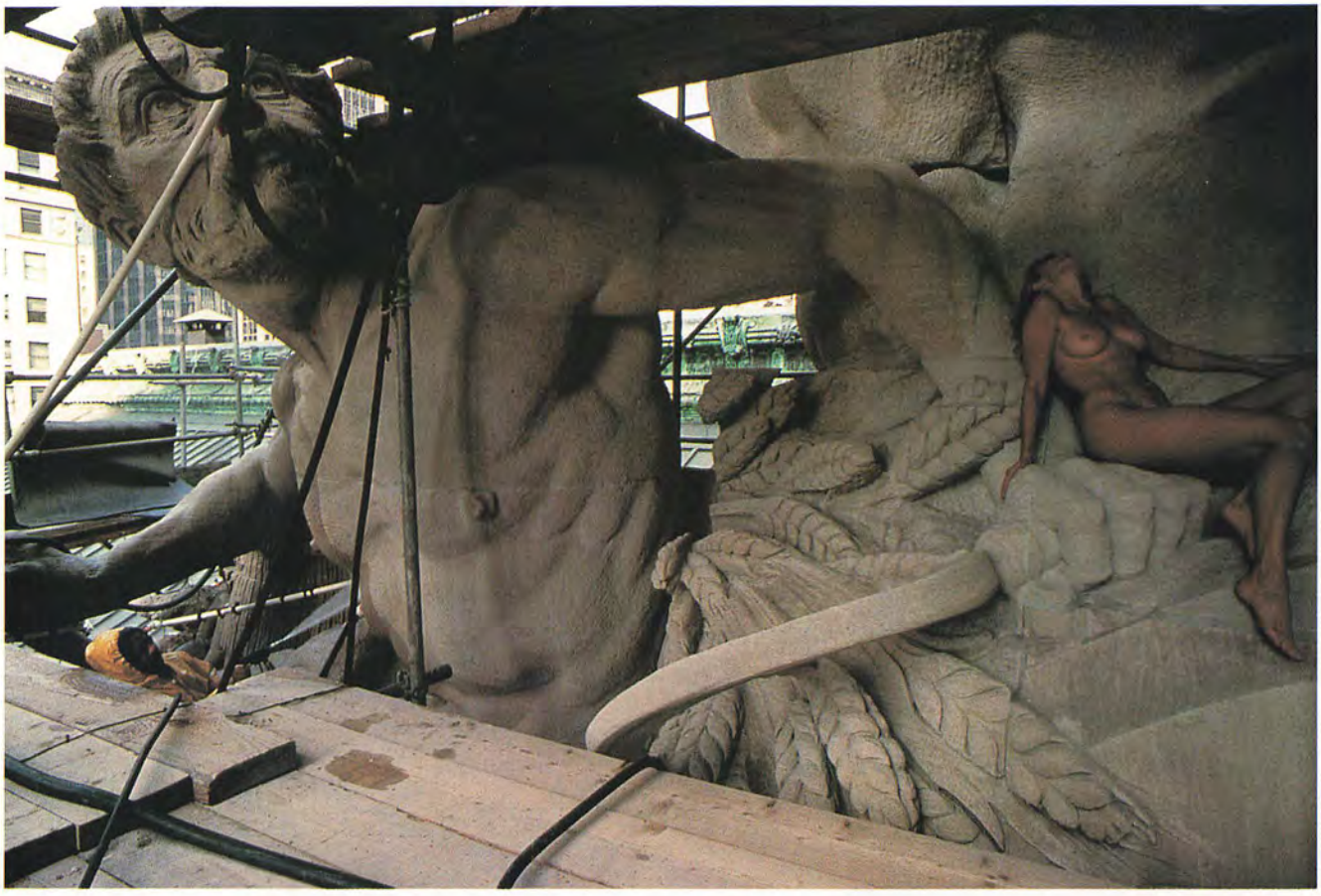
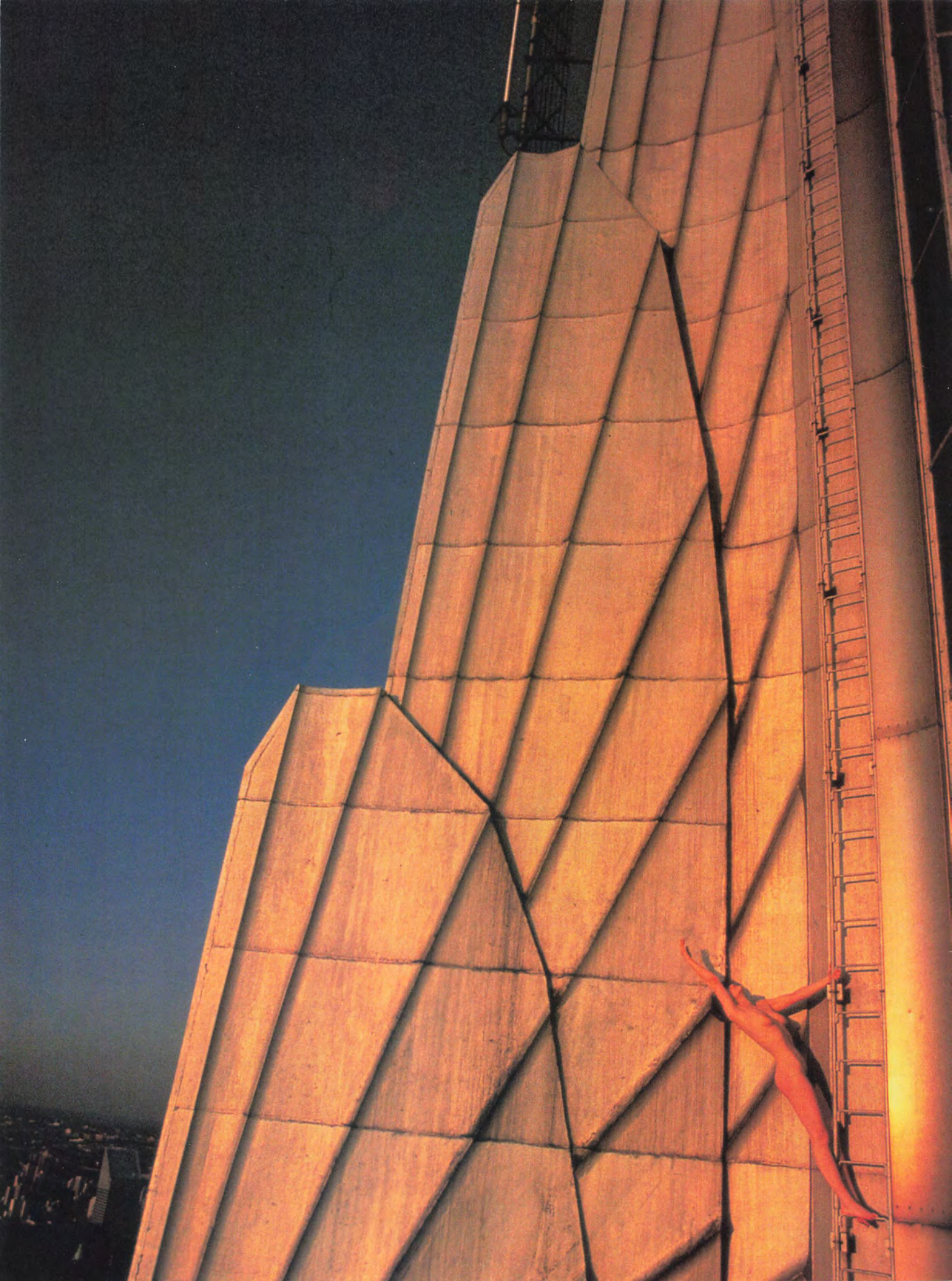

OR HELICOPTERS -

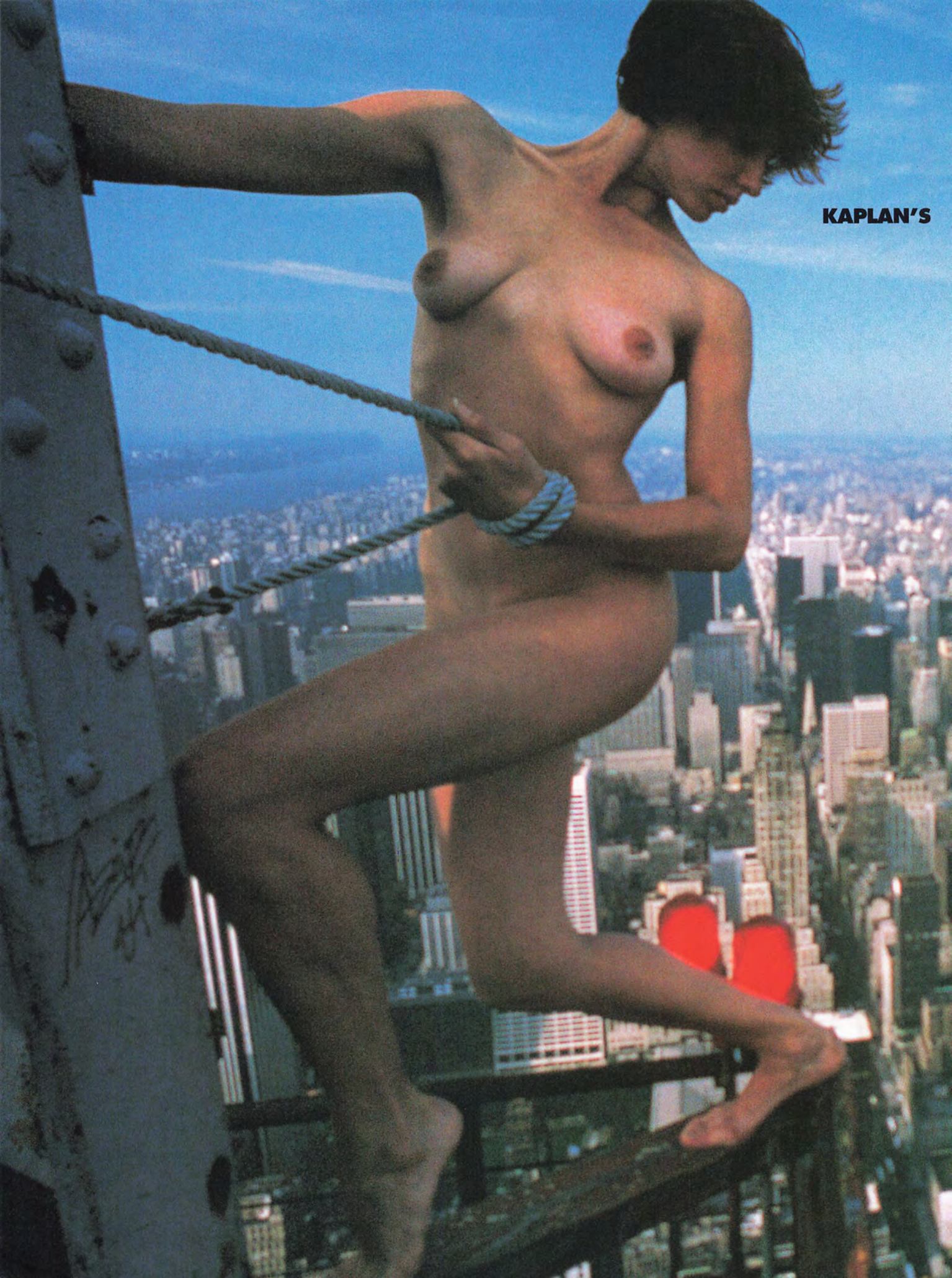
AND IT'S THIS FEARLESS PURSUIT OF SKYSCRAPING EXCELLENCE THAT



SYMBOLIZES THE POWER OF EVERY KAPLAN IMAGE.

HIS TENACITY IN DEPICTING 'NON-ACCESSIBLE' AREAS SEEM TO GIVE

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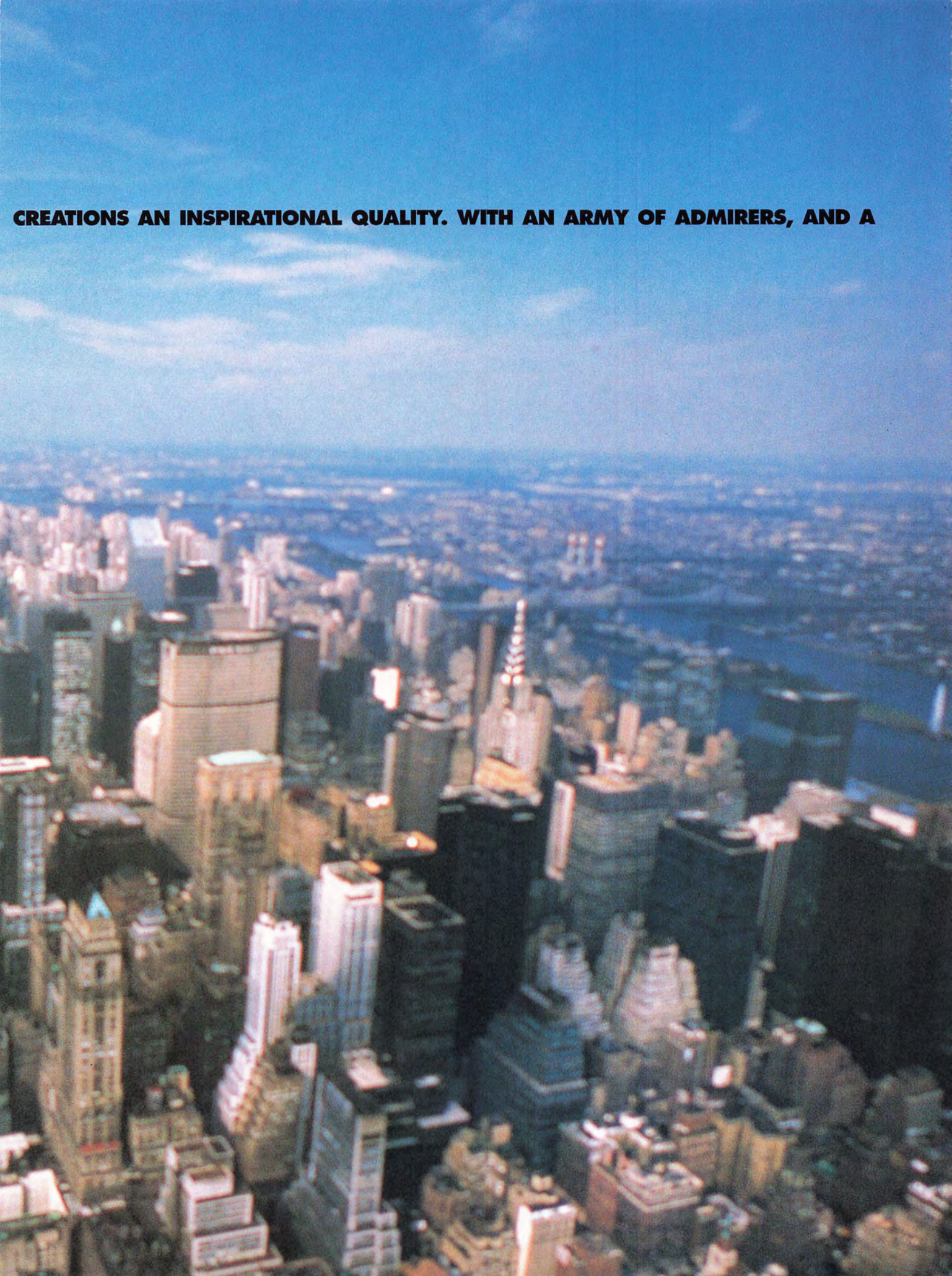
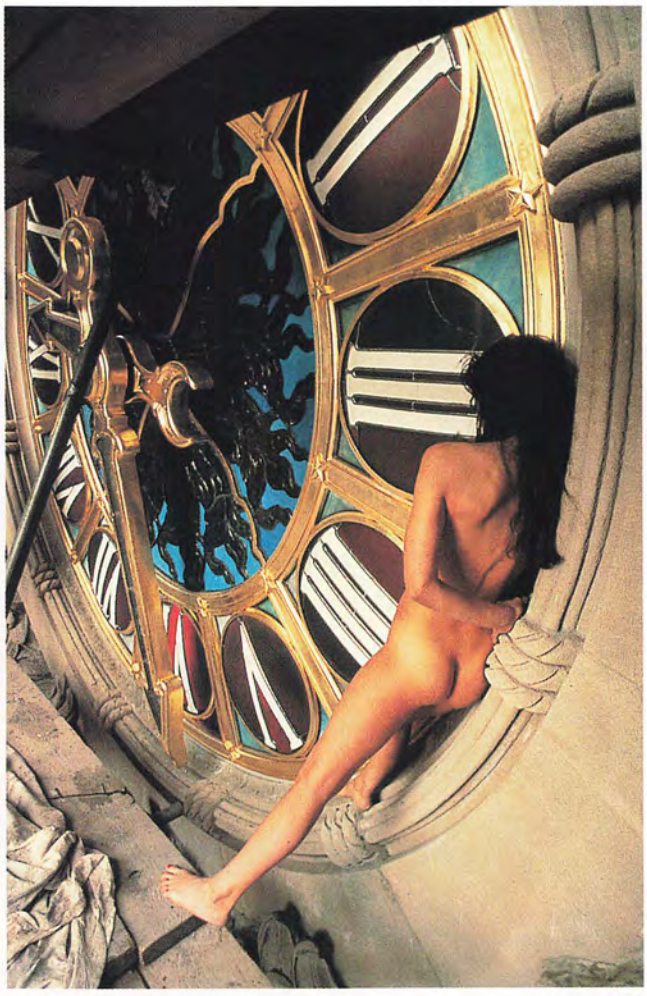


CREATIONS AN INSPIRATIONAL QUALITY. WITH AN ARMY OF ADMIRERS, AND A



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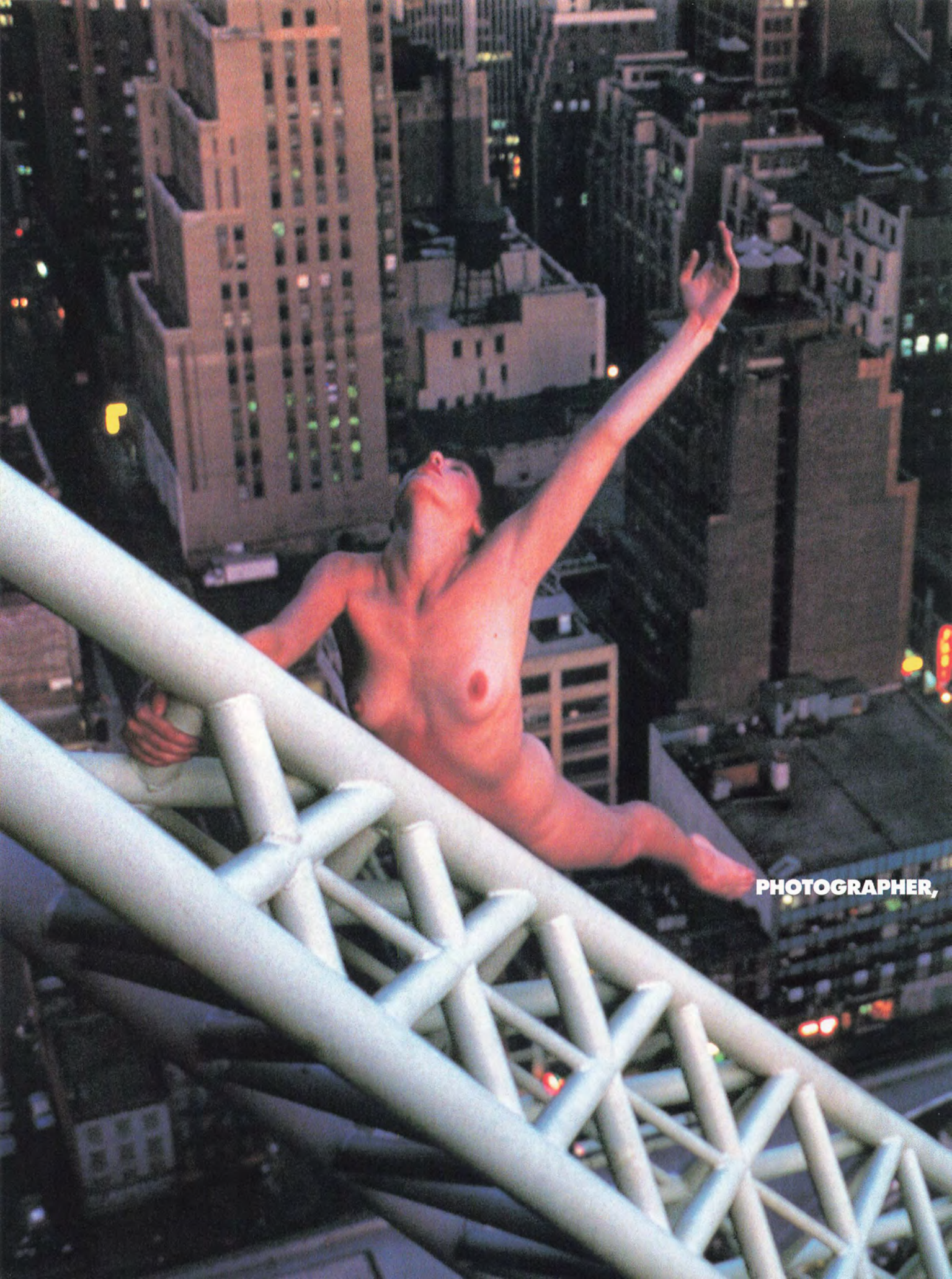
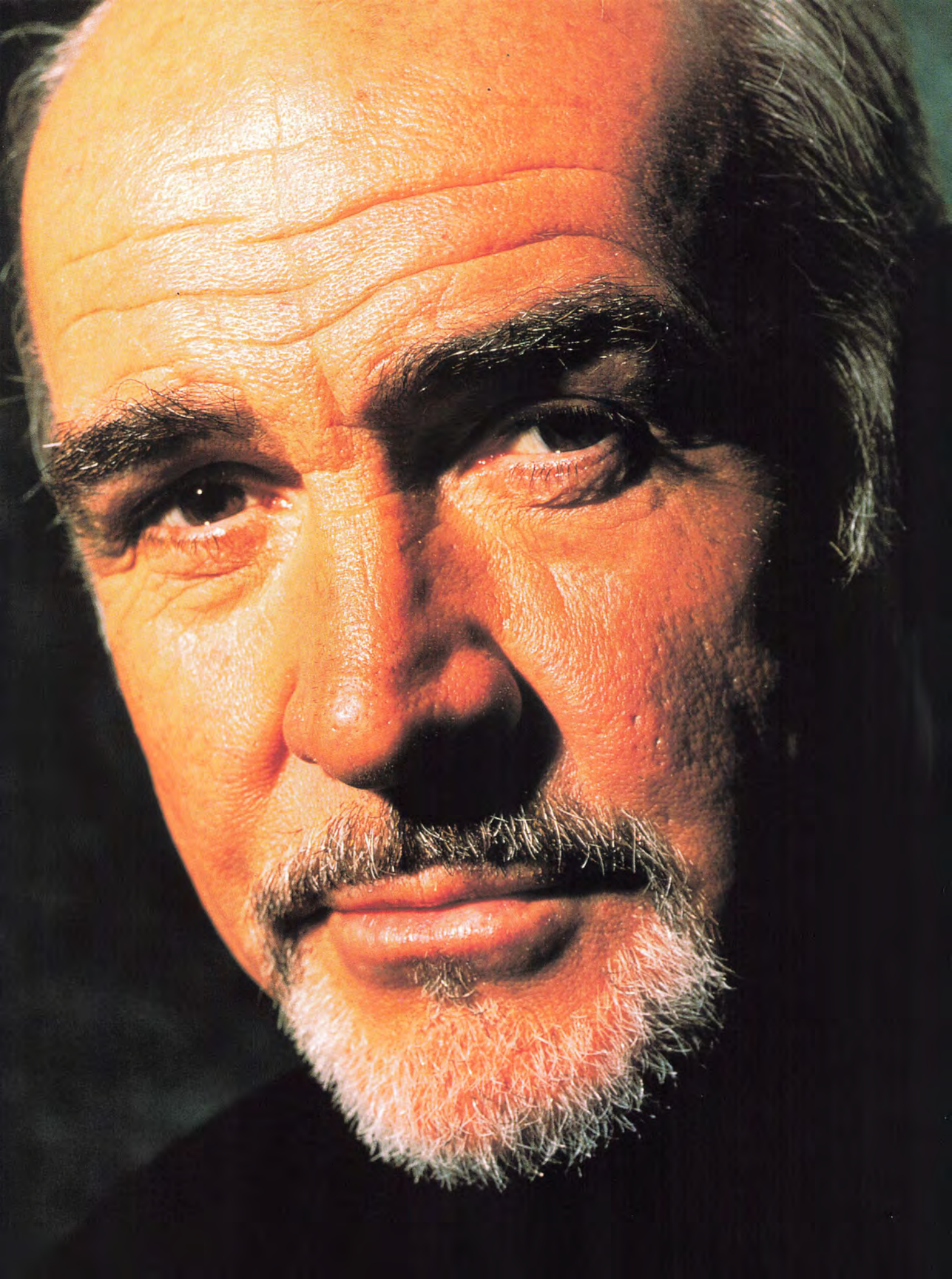


PHOTOGRAPHER,

AND NEW YORK MAGAZINE, AS WELL AS PUBLISHING WORK ACROSS EUROPE.



THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING

By Sue Faulkner

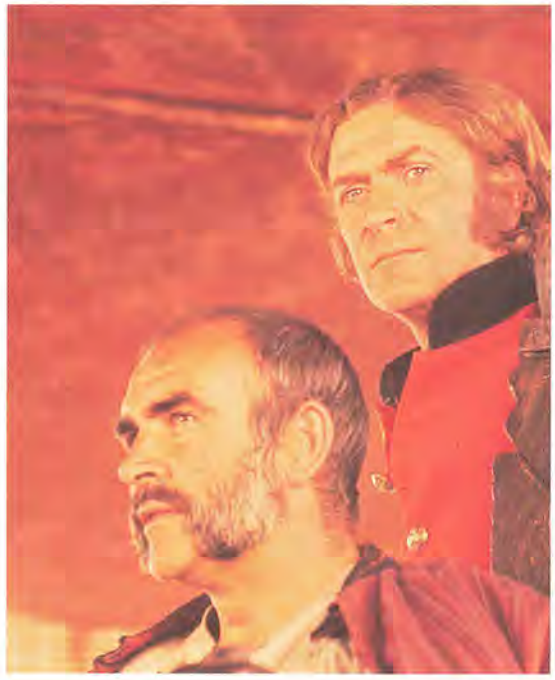
The studio restaurant on the Paramount lot has seen all the movie greats come and go - everyone from Mae West and Marilyn Monroe to Cary Grant and Gary Cooper. And many of the older staff don't even blink at the current array of high-fliers who now occupy the private 'power-lunch' patio. This is where deals are made, the place where the likes of Eddie Murphy and Michael J. Fox bask in all their glory, while perusing the gourmet menu.

But all heads, including studio heads, turn when Sean Connery walks in. Tall, tanned, and at the age of 62 still exuding raw sex appeal, Connery is the last of a dying breed. He's bigger than life, a movie star, in the truest sense of the word.

Photograph by Lee Crum

And, as with legends like Bogart, Cagney and Gable, Connery is an actor of great skill, a fact largely obscured by his charismatic screen presence. It's this authorative, commanding presence that effortlessly dominates every scene - and room - as his most recent films, *Medicine Man*, *Rising Sun*, and the soon to be released *A Good Man In Africa* demonstrate.

After some thirty-five years in the business and over fifty films, Connery describes himself nonchalantly as "just a working actor." But given his recent punishing schedule, it might be closer to the truth to call him 'the hardest working actor in the business'. Hot on the heels of the rain-forest epic, *Medicine Man*, and the controversial Japanese thriller, *Rising Sun*, comes another big budget international adventure, *A Good Man in Africa*, which he recently shot on location in South Africa.



Connery (centre) is pictured with Michael Caine, both playing British Army deserters turned warlords, in John Huston's critically acclaimed high adventure - The Man Who Would Be King. Bearded and high kicking, Connery (below) samples oriental flavors and favors in Crichton's thriller Rising Sun.

From a book of the same name, by Scottish author William Boyd, *A Good Man in Africa* is directed by the award winning talent Bruce Beresford, of *Driving Miss Daisy* fame. But what made Connery choose another film from a book?

"A well written novel is always a great starting point for a film," Connery begins. "It's got a really good story and interesting characters. We shot on location in Johannesburg, and it revolves around this newfound African republic, and what happens when the British, French, and the Germans all try to get back in to get where the 'goodies' are. It ends up rather disastrously although it's a comedy."

Before dealing with colonial Africa, Connery explored the intricacies of Japanese culture, with the murder-ridden conspiracy movie *Rising Sun*, conveniently playing a cop called Connor.

"I didn't know Michael Crichton had me in mind when he wrote the character," he says. But Connery found himself 'comfortably' in the detective role when he first read it. "We've stayed very good friends since he directed me in *The Great Train Robbery*, and it had everything - culture clash and a significant topic."

In playing Connor, the detective well versed in all things Japanese, Connery drew heavily on his own Far Eastern experiences. "There are a lot of things and elements about Japan that I'm familiar with and that I could use, having been there three times," he reports. "When I went for the Bond film *You Only Live Twice*, I was in Japan for nine weeks, and I lived in the interior."

So how does Connery, the quintessential 007 in the world's most successful film series ever, feel about James Bond today? "Well, it's over thirty years since I first played Bond, and inevitably it all falls into perspective," he muses. "I once described the role as a mixture between a cross to bear and a nightmare. People started thinking I was Bond, and I got stuck in a lot of situations because of that. People expected me to act like him in everyday life, and they forgot I was just acting out this super-spy/sex-symbol fantasy. That's why I decided to call it quits after *Diamonds Are Forever*. I felt I was getting typecast, and the role was killing me as an actor," he adds. "But I look back on those days more fondly now."

Bond, the womanizing secret agent, seemed to epitomize the glamour and sexual promiscuity of the sixties, but as Connery quickly admits, shaking his head, "The scourge of AIDS has changed everything today, and it's frightening. Nothing has changed for kids and nature - obviously they're sexually curious, but AIDS has certainly changed the way you think about sex. You can't be so casual anymore. You could lose your life."

Connery may downplay his macho image today, but it's no secret that he's taken a lot of heat in the past for an unguarded remark to the effect that 'it's

OK to hit a woman.'

"Yeah, it's quite extraordinary how this issue has gained so much notoriety," he bristles. "When I did the Barbara Walters Special her sole intention was to get me to say, 'Yes, it's OK to beat up women.' But what I'd originally said was you could do worse things to a woman than give her a slap - a slap as opposed to a hit. What was I talking about? I was talking about a relationship where a man can destroy a woman without putting a finger on her, so that she'll take months to recover, if she ever does recover, by taking away her dignity, her integrity, whatever, by damaging the whole persona and person. That's what I was talking about.

"And there are situations where a woman can be determined to have a confrontation, no matter what the situation or timing, to provoke a man," Connery continues. "And there are some women who openly admit they're like that. That's what I was referring to, and she lifted it out of context and said, 'You said it's OK to hit a woman.' That's not what I said.

"The worst aspect of it all was, the response in America was enormous," he adds. "Everyone picked it up and interpreted it to their own ends. I remember the next morning I came out and the car parking guys in my L.A. apartment building were all going 'right on!' and cheering me. I get in the car, drive to the studio, and I pull up to some lights and I'm miles away, because I'm always working on my lines or a scene, and I glance over at some very attractive, well-dressed woman who instead of smiling starts giving me the finger through her window! I was totally shocked. And that wasn't the only one. A lot of women gave me a hard time and cut me dead. Then there was also a big outcry and tons of mail calling me a sexist pig, that I advocated beating up women. What nonsense. I've had a hard time living it down."

Connery happily admits to being "very proud, but I don't think that's a sin. I also passionately hate unfairness and injustice, and I'll fight." Of this, one can be sure, as Connery has enjoyed a long reputation for suing. "Yes, and that relates directly to unfairness," he states diffidently. "If you work hard on a film in good faith, and the producers try to steal all your royalties, it's unacceptable to me. That's what happened with Bond. I said at the time and I still mean it, 'The producer would play Bond themselves if they could, to save money.' Yes, I am wealthy, but it doesn't determine what work I do and never did, except at the start of my career. I've done a lot of films like Time Bandits because I believed in the director and the film."

Connery is still consistently voted Sexiest Man Alive in many women's magazine polls, but what kind of women does he find sexy? "No particular type, like long-legged or sultry types," he ponders. "Some people do have types. They always said Hitchcock preferred the ice blondes, but I'm not like that. I like black girls, Indian girls, perhaps darker types, but all women in general, really. It's to do with body chemistry, isn't it? I mean, before you think, 'Oh she's got great hair, or big tits, or good legs', you're already attracted to something about her. I like being around women, although I know people have this image of me as a man's man.

"But I think it's better to be one thing and reveal something

Martini, shaken not stirred... Connery was the archetypal English Gent and Super-spy in the original movie versions of James Bond (left). With hits like Dr. No, Goldfinger, and Diamonds are Forever, Connery chalked up the most successful series of motion pictures ever.

else," Connery continues. "That's always more interesting, like Marlon Brando being tough in something like *A Streetcar Named Desire*, then showing unexpected moments of tenderness. I go for that approach more and more, and I've always tried to find humor in my roles. I mean, in the original books, Bond was a pretty cold fish, even with women. So I always tried to give him a sense of humor to balance the character's strong belief in himself and what he was doing for the government."

Connery's own self belief took him from a working-class Edinburgh background to international stardom. "My father worked twelve hours a day at the local mill, day in, day out, and that work ethic must have rubbed off on me," recalls Connery, who tried his hand at a variety of hard, physical jobs - he joined the navy at 16, and later worked at a printing plant - before turning to acting.

In this surprise appearance, as Indiana Jones' father (center), Connery dons his tweeds and steals the show from his equally bankable ally, Harrison Ford, in the trilogy that was almost as successful as Bond.

"Unlikely as it sounds, my first job was in the chorus of a company touring *South Pacific*," he laughs. "It was nothing to write home about, but I was hooked."

Since those first tentative steps, Connery's career has covered much ground, yet in a realm of face lifts, chin tucks, and liposuction, his integrity and physicality have remained intact. "As for getting older, it doesn't bother me," he admits. "It's like losing your hair. When it first happened to me, I thought, 'How the hell am I going to live like this?' But you do, and aging is the same. It's funny, I got glasses for reading, and when I first put them on and suddenly saw myself clearly in the mirror, I got a real shock! You realize that's why in nature you're not meant to have glasses. It just means you get more offers to play fathers and grandfathers."

This kind of humor and irony have long been touchstones of Connery's professional life - a career that ever finds new popularity and diversity. There are many who feel the actor should have won an Academy Award before *The Untouchables*, or at least been nominated for his unforgettable performances in *Marnie*, *The Hill*, or *The Man Who Would be King*, which was both written and directed by the late John Huston.

But, as always, Connery is far too solid and sensible in temperament to feel slighted by such industry neglect. "It's all a matter of timing and how your image and films are presented," he explains. "There are a lot of films for which I'm very proud of, which I think were artistic successes, but which weren't box-office successes like the Bond pictures. If I had to name one film, I think it'd be *The Man Who Would Be King*. It's definitely one of my favorites.

"I've no regrets about such things," he's quick to add. "You can't take it too personally, and what happens is that, after a while, you amass a body of work, like a painter, and eventually your work gets reassessed, and becomes more popular and acceptable. That's happened with quite a few of my films, and it gives one more faith in one's own judgement."

Perhaps nudged by words such as 'faith' and 'judgement', the conversation gradually detours into a discussion of life after death. "I'm not at all religious," announces Connery quite happily, "and I rarely think about death or being buried. But I was talking about this with my wife recently, and the question was: Would you prefer cremation to burial?"

Connery pauses, finishes his wine and grins. "You know, I honestly don't think it matters that much, though I think I'd prefer to be cremated than stuck in a box."

He shouldn't worry. No one's ever been able to stick Sean Connery, 'the man who would be king', in a box for very long. ●

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ANGELS WITH

Sympathy for the devil & The Black Crowes

DIRTY FACES

By Bob Mills, Photograph by Mark Seliger

"There has to be a dark side," says Chris Robinson, singer, lyricist and the most animated mouthpiece of the Black Crowes. "If you are going to enjoy the light then you better fucking know the dark. It just seems more realistic to accept the devil *and* the angel within you."

On the face of it Chris has had more to do with angels than devils of late. Only a few years ago he, brother Rich and the rest of the band were banging out the same old songs back in Atlanta, but according to Chris, "No one would come see us." Now the Crowes have got a couple of multi-million selling albums behind them and a world-wide following earned from a gruelling three-year stint on the road. Shunning the MTV easy life and resolutely sticking one finger up at the safe route to mass exposure, they are quite possibly the hardest working band in rock and roll today.

With a third album, alledgedly in the works, the Black Crowes seem destined to be a permenant fixture on the Rock 'n' Roll scene. Still, comparisons aside, it's a waiting game to see which way the cookie finally crumbles for Rick Rubin and his highly profitable southern belles.

But the grinding routine of playing gig after gig in the hinterland of middle America - travelling overnight by bus, sleeping on the road, then charging themselves up for yet another power-packed performance - has failed to dent their enthusiasm. The Black Crowes are a grass roots rock band; one of the few to register album successes without the benefit of a hit single launch pad and one of the few to take their show directly to the people - no matter where they might be.

"I guess you got to get your point across," says Rich, Chris' understated brother. "You got to beat it into people's heads." The two siblings are like chalk and cheese. Rich is as quiet as his brother is loud, as up-tight as Chris is loose and as sensible as his other half is whacked out.

"No bands like us come to places like this anymore, man," chuckles Chris, always ready with a stinging retort. He's sprawled on the grass in front of the distinctly unglamorous Amarillo Civic Center. "They play the stadiums in Dallas and Houston and then get the fuck out of Texas."

Indeed the Lone Star state has never seen anything quite like it. And Amarillo, a small Texas town plonked in the middle of the desert, is probably still in a state of shock. After all, things like this aren't supposed to happen here, a place where men are men, grass is for grazing, not smoking, and cows turn into T-bones faster than you can say sirloin.

But you would never guess as much, as the Black Crowes reach their climax in front of a couple of thousand all American Amarillo kids later that night.

Chris, mike stand thin, his string vest hanging off his gawky frame like rags off a famine victim, is hurling himself about the stage like a puppet controlled by some kind of possessed puppeteer.

This kind of behavior alone is usually enough to get you arrested in Texas, but as the hard rocking rhythms hit their peak a giant banner is unfurled at the back of the stage. The words 'Free Us - No Nares' written on either side of a marijuana leaf mural the size of a dope-head's dream are there for the whole of under-age Amarillo to see. The already crazed crowd - most of whom look too square to know their way round a reefer even if a ten-pound bag of sensimelia landed in their lap - goes absolutely ape.

But then the Black Crowes have made something of a speciality of delivering carefully aimed doses of counter-culture to places where it was never meant to reach. It was, after all, their deft combination of old-fashioned rock and roll honesty, bluesy musical realism and uncompromising dedication to rowdy rebellion which propelled their debut 'Shake Your Moneymaker' album to 3 million plus sales in the first place. It was a devastating blow to the star-obsessed music industry convention, followed up by the devastating uppercut of last year's 'Southern Harmony and Musical Companion' which repeated the multi-million selling trick.

Upsetting the industry apple cart once is bad enough, doing it twice is downright cheeky. And as for doing it with a sound and a philosophy which flies in the face of corporate rock conventions, which stresses all things hedonistic just as the whole world is insisting on abstention, and which says, unashamedly, that putting the sex and the drugs

back in rock and roll is most definitely a good thing - well that's just taking things too far. Isn't it?

"I just think that a lot of rock 'n' roll fans like to see someone up there who's real. I think in young America there's a lot of people who don't even know that they are sick of it yet," says Chris, twitching, wriggling and gazing thoughtfully into the distance.

The man is in perpetual motion, a wound up spring always ready to explode, a human contradiction in terms - part laid-back prankster, part manic nerve-jangling machine. In performance *and* in the flesh, his energy level is frightening, especially considering his exhausting schedule. Not to mention his much talked about consumption of finest American weed.

"This isn't something that's fabricated," he continues. "This isn't a nice, little, interesting side piece to the afternoon. This is our life. The only reason we can do this is because we don't have anything to hide. No posing, no acting. We're just naked, you know? It's all about soul. As opposed to being calculated."

"I just think that a lot of Rock 'n' Roll fans just want to see somebody up there who's real."

No one could accuse the Crowes of being calculated. Indeed they are so contradictory to the current climate that a popular (though unconfirmed and doubtless unfounded) tale hailing from their hometown Atlanta, has it that their signing to Rick Rubin's Def America was the result of a wager. After turning the band down flat (or so the story goes) a major label exec bet Def America that the Black Crowes were destined to end up in the industry trash can. Always one to rise to a challenge, Rubin and his company took them on. The rest, as they say, is history.

True or not, the tale amply illustrates the Crowes built-in contradictions. They are of the MTV generation, but their words, their music, even their clothes and their lifestyle just don't fit. Call them retro, call them a cliché, call them the Rolling Stones Mach II, if you want, but when it comes down to conforming the Crowes just refuse to play ball.

"That's the difference," spits Chris; he might be mellow but that doesn't mean he can't get mad too. "The only people who talk about retro are people who are in love with their youth so much that they miss it that bad. Or people who really do feel they have an exclusive relationship with that time. And just because there's no other singers like me out there right now, there's no one to compare me to of my generation, I have to answer questions about the old generation. I mean I'm still figuring out all the questions about my generation, man. What I do know is that this band has never done anything to make ourselves more popular. We've only ever done things to make ourselves stay real and be the Black Crowes."

Even making videos - that staple diet of modern music - clearly leaves a nasty taste in the mouth. He'll do it; the Black Crowes aren't too rebellious, nor too retro or real, to fight a battle they know they stand no chance of winning. They're not about to indulge in self imposed sabotage of their new-found fame. But then again that doesn't mean they won't make their feelings known.

"Everything is seen as a marketing tool, man," bemoans Chris. "I mean I make fucking videos. That's ludicrous to me. But I do it, that's my fucking compromise. I get to do this and hopefully people like it and think its cool. So if all I have to do to do that, is do a couple of videos a year - get really fucking pissed and sing to no one which I think is insane - it's not that bad. I mean, I don't get off my knees and spit the cum out like some fucking whore."

Despite their self-declared dope-head lifestyle and a resolute commitment to living their rock and roll life on the wild side, the Black Crowes in general, and Chris in particular, are never too messed up to deliver a scathing critique of the society and industry in which they operate.

"Art has become service-oriented," he says, with that far away look in his eyes. "Like with movies, they show it to an audience and then give them questionnaires. So if you don't like the ending it's 'Hey we'll change it'. What about fuck you. This is my ending. If it's not pretty and not nice, so be it.'? It's supposed to evoke an emotion. Same with the music industry; they fucking test market records."

Surprisingly Mild.

Drum. Your Own Rhythm.

But not the Black Crowes' records. The only testing they get is with the people who matter most, right here in little towns like Amarillo. And although the songs might mostly be about exorcising Chris' personal devils, as well as entertaining his mental angels, somewhere underneath all this there beats an analytical brain. In between slipping into his self-invented philosophising, and chuckling heartily at his own private jokes, Chris quotes T.S. Eliot and Jackson Pollock. He says he's always been a "great reader" and is vociferous in his criticism of the culture that created him and his generation.

"I don't think my opinions on the world matter as much as my opinions which are more subtle and maybe encompass some of those wider issues ... maybe. Like, the establishment runs shit. Like everything comes down to this moral fucking witch hunt. But I choose not be a fucking liar and a hypocrite like a lot of our politicians and police departments and a lot of artists. I know that the industry is never going to change. They're businessmen, not musicians, man, they're not fans. And people who live that way, their opinion about what I do doesn't matter as much as people who think that rock and roll is a language for young people to keep it together."

"I don't think my opinions on the world matter

as much as my opinions which are more subtle and maybe encompass some of those wider issues..."

Having kept it together, in his own sweet way, throughout three years on the road, Chris and his Crowes are about to take a well earned break before headlining Glastonbury in June. A move to Los Angeles beckons, while Chris is destined for a wild weekend in Vegas for the annual Grateful Dead gig in the city of neon nastiness and gambling dreams. A prospect which has him literally bouncing around with excitement.

Meanwhile, as Amarillo still reels from the Black Crowes live experience, a gaggle of under-dressed Amarillo girl groupies, in an effort to get backstage, are using their desperate charms on the Crowes' security. But Rich and Chris are happy with beer, friends and the obligatory spliff. Rich skulks quietly in the background, as Chris entertains the select group with tales which invariably begin with the words "I was really high and...". Then the two brothers disappear, only to be found blasting the living shit out of aliens on the two arcade games which are now standard touring equipment.

It's just another day in the Black Crowes surreal existence. A day full of ups and downs, angels and devils, a day in which they move one step closer to becoming, maybe, just maybe, the Grateful Dead of their generation.

"Those guys have been on the road for fucking ever," says Chris, glowing with admiration. "Man, we haven't even begun to fuck shit up yet. There's a lot heavier things going on with us now than there was a year ago. Success has brought us one thing; this bizarre sort of courage. This fanatical devotion to what we are and not having any rules. As long as it always feels like a source of inspiration - and a source of desperation - to be out here, then it will be all right." Like the man says - it's real. ●

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ECLECTIC MIX THAT'S PART GODDESS, PART TEMPTRESS - BUT ALL WOMAN.

IN PRAISE OF CAESAR

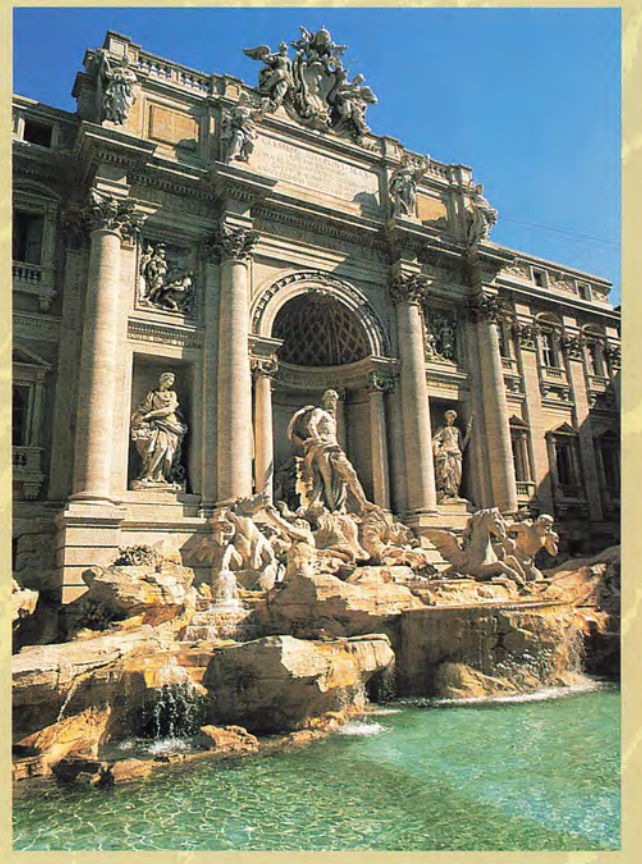
A GUIDE TO THE HOT SPOTS OF ROME

Rome is a city designed for display, built for show. Sitting over a campari and soda at one of the tables of the Casino Valodier, in the Pincio Gardens, is the ultimate spectator's sport. Roman playboys, instantly recognizable in their designer shades, their well-cut olive-green jackets and shirts initialed below the breast, ogle the shimmering acreage of mink fur and cleavage. Beyond the terraces spreads an all-embracing view of the city. The ruins of the Roman Empire jostle for space next to medieval towers, Baroque fountains and the monolithic structures of the fascist era. Against this multi-faceted skyline, couples strike up sentimental poses for official wedding photographs. Without a hint of embarrassment, aspiring Valentinos go down on one knee in tight tuxedos, while the girls, in billowing bridal gear, suck in their cheeks. And it has to be admitted, that no one looks more glamorous than an Italian, male or female, in the glare and pop of a camera lens.

Wandering through these gardens and into the Borghese Park one witnesses a cross-section of Roman society that is truly Fellinesque in its surreal variety. Athletes pound the stadium, tramps rouse themselves from beds of bottle-tops and leaves, dropping their trousers to wash their parts, quite nonchalantly, in drinking fountains. Indulged children clamour around the little cinema showing cartoons. A regular stroller in his raccoon coat, takes a poodle for a walk on a leash , amongst the skateboarders and 'bourgoisis', glossy on horseback.

The spirit of exuberance, captured thirty years ago in *La Dolce Vita*, has only superficially been dampened by a serious economic crisis and the political scandals and tales of corruption that sweep the country.

Rome is still, by day, as then, a city of buzzing vespas and vibrant chaos. A carabinieri in the Piazza Venezia stands on his podium and conducts the frenzied traffic with all the grace and concentration of a performer of T'ai Chi. In a comic parody of this, the local lunatic of Barberini Square directs the flow of cars with a fairy godmother wand and a windmill on his head. The Via Veneto, once the stage for Anita Ekberg to cavort in, has now been partially grassed over and made into a pedestrian zone. Here, Harry's Bar has reopened with a restaurant upstairs and a live bar below. But the insider's place to drink a martini cocktail is at the nearby Bar d' Inghilterra, amidst the models and the men in suits with slicked-back hair. The big hotels along the Via Veneto have all had facelifts too. Outside the Majestic paparazzi and 'raybanned' teenagers occasionally gather while Madonna brought the traffic to a halt, and the graffiti, in adulation of Michael Jackson on his recent tour here, still decorates the back wall of the hotel.



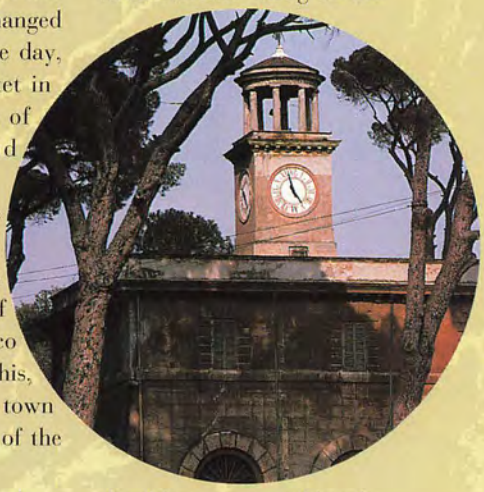
Nights begin at the ever-popular Bar della Pace behind Piazza Navonna with its impromptu street shows, its jugglers, magicians and painters. A hip crowd gathers in the Campo dei Fiori, nearby, draping themselves self-consciously over Harley-Davidsons and lounging beneath the status of Bruno. He was the last martyr to have been hanged in this square. In the day, this is the best market in town - an opera-set of color, bustle and activity.

At dawn, as the clubs begin to close, hungry hedonists wait for the doors of the Forno del Portico d'Ottavia to open. This, the oldest bakery in town is found in the heart of the Ghetto.

On festival days such as Rome's Birthday in April, the steps leading up to the Campidoglio are magically lit with a thousand candles. From the heights of the seven hills of Rome, fireworks graze the sky and light up the Coliseum. In this light, it looks pock-marked, slumped sideways like an old drunk.

Ultimately, Rome is the great unchanging city. Its inhabitants give a passing nod to shifting fads and fashions, and yet remain emphatically not a victim of them. Even MacDonald's was forced to change their screaming red logo to a more subtle gray to blend in with the surrounding architecture. After fifty changes of government since the war, they look on in detached amusement and a characteristic shrug of the shoulders, as granddaughters of famous dictators and 'porno' stars like 'La Cicciolina' take up political arms. They are a self-contained people, sensible of their heritage and their past. Romans, in the end, have seen it all.

—Catherine Fairweather



At night, the mood is steamy. There are still queues outside Gilda and Jackie O, clubs which were, in the 80's a hotbed of decadence for then foreign minister, Gianni de Michelis and the jet set. Party-goers seeking more alternative venues head for the underground clubs in the fashionably offbeat Testaccio. This essentially working-class district grew up around the formidable old slaughterhouse, now a gipsy encampment. Most of the clubs here are dingy dens where anything goes. Half-naked transvestites dance in gilded cages above the dance floor. In one, recently, a pseudo-marriage night was held for gay couples, complete with confetti, bouquets and all. The city is also strong on the smoky atmospheric 'live' bars playing everything from Jazz to Cuban and Rock music. These are found in Trastevere, over the river, the oldest part of Rome, where washing adorns the balconies and where the locals still speak their own in comprehensive dialect.

The Pasquino, the neighborhood movie theater is straight out of *Cinema Paradiso*. With its crackling sound reels, flickering lights and the most uncomfortable seats in town, it is the only venue showing films in English.

"If you are in Rome live the Roman Way
If you are elsewhere, live as they do there.
Si fueris Romme, Roamano vivito more;
Si fueri alibi, vivito sicut ibi"
St. Ambrose 340-397 BC

EAT LIKE THE ROMANS

The most popular restaurants in Rome are those which have been around several decades, where the faces of the owners and customers are reassuringly familiar year after year.

IN TESTACCIO:

The site of the old abbattoir is the obvious place to try the trips and offal specialties dear to the Roman soul. Lo Scopettaro (Lungotevere Testaccio 7, 574-2408) and the more well-known Chacchino (Via Monte Testaccio 574- 6318)

IN THE OLD JEWISH GHETTO OF ROME:

For some of the most ancient cooking of Rome, try the 'Puntarelle's bitter salad leaf with a garlic and anchovy dressing, fried pumpkin and zucchini flowers and above all 'Carciofi alla giudia'-artichokes fried to a crisp lightness and eaten whole. Giggetto, with tables outside, is next to the ruins of the Portico of Octavius (Via del Portico d'Ottavia, 686-1106).

ESTABLISHMENT RESTAURANTS:

Nino's (11 Via Borgognona, 679-5676) and Dal Bolognese (361-1426) with a terrace on the stunning Piazza del Popolo are forever packed with the city's

BARS AND CAFES

Il Goccetto in the old center of town (Via dei Banchi Vecchi) is the best wine bar around. Stand amongst the bottles at the bar and gorge on slabs of pecorrino and cured meats. Giolitti, on Via Uffici del Vicario 40, behind the Pantheon is the place for ice cream. The champagne and rice pudding flavors are coffee house in the city Sant'Eustachio (Piazza Bant'Eustachio)restores the energy level.

NIGHTLIFE:

All bars are licensed until 2:00am. Nightclubs open around 11:00pm onwards.

BARS:

Bar della Pace, is inevitably the place to show up at some stage in the evening. Located behind the Piazza Navona in via della Pace. Jonathan's Angels, (via dell Fossa)in same area is calculated kitsch with live music, plastic flowers, fairy lights and cocktails. Jeff Blynn, (via Zanardelli) is run by an American ex model and is packed. Il Locale, (piazza del Fico) is new, swinging and therefore an event in this city.

You need a jacket and tie for Jackie O, Via Boncompagni 11 and Gilda (via Mario dei Fiori 97), disco music, flashy surroundings in the smart center of town. For a more alternative music scene where you can dance to everything from soul, rave, hip hop, progressive, house, and funk depending on the day the week go to Testaccio and Trastevere. Dress is as casual and as strange as you like.

B-Side, via Funari 21
AKAB via dei Monte Testaccio 69
Gasolyne via de Portonaccio 212

Alien, especially on Sundays. Last season everyone sported Sigourney Weaver shaved heads, now the staff look like cousins of the Addams Family. Seriously trendy. (Via Veletri 17)

Black Line via Luciani is where the 'babes' dance on Saturday afternoons from 4:00 p.m. A tradition in the city.

For live music and bands the best venues are:
Alphaus via del commercio 36
Palladius piazza B Romano
Soul 2 Soul via Aurelia 601
Big Mama vicolo S Francesco a Ripa 18.

TRUE ROMAN TRATTORIA'S:

For those who really want to eat like the Romans (no frills in the decor, the service or the food), a trip to Collina Emiliane (via Avignonesi 22, 481-7538), is worthwhile. In season it serves truffles in various guises and the 'tortellini in brodo' is always good. Or there is Nerona, behind the Coliseum,(Via delle Terms de Tito 96, 474 -5207)

most solid citizens and 'beau-monde'. Inside everything smells of prosperity, from the fur coats hanging on the paneled walls, to the heavy glass and china, to the spurious cooking from Florence and Bologna, respectively. Garlicky bean soup in the first and the 'bollito misto' in the second are a gastronomic experience.

FOR THE VIEWS:

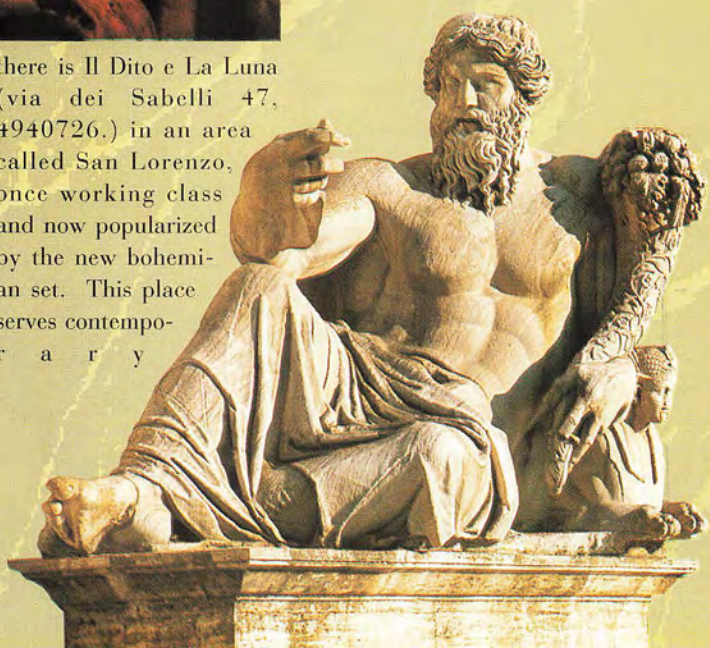
Ar Galletto is in the Piazza Farnese overlooking the great Palazzo of the same name which is now the French Embassy. (68761714). La Carbonara, old-fashioned and reliable, is next door in the Campo dei Fiori. Villa Balastra, further out in Parioli, is a outdoor cafe in the park, overlooking the city. It serves light lunches and exceptional fruit cocktails, alcoholic or not.

PIZZERIAS:

Witness spectacular juggling acts as thin discs of dough are bashed and tossed and cooked in wood ovens for no more than a minute. The most authentic and popular is in Trastevere, in a place known as 'the morgue' because of its marble slab tables. Penattoni, viale Trastevers 53. No point in booking, show up and be prepared to wait.

'CUCINA CREATIVA'

For something different there is Il Dito e La Luna (via dei Sabelli 47, 4940726.) in an area called San Lorenzo, once working class and now popularized by the new bohemian set. This place serves contemporary Mediterranean food of the kind you are more likely to find in the trendier restaurants of New York and London. I Margutta (via Margutta 119, 678-6033) amongst all the art galleries in this pretty street, serves exclusively vegetarian dishes, featuring much melted cheese and polenta.



WHERE TO STAY:

Hotel d' Inghilterra, with its intimate and fashionable bar, is on Via Bocca di Leone 14. Price moderate to expensive. The majestic Via Veneto 50: Favorite of the stars, turn of the century decor, terraced restaurant. Expensive-ish. Hotel San Ansel in the Piazza of the same name on the Aventino hill. Full of character and charm and medium priced. Albergo del Sole: Cheap and bang next to the Campo dei Fiori, on Via del Biscione 76.

WHAT TO SEE:

On the Aventine Hill at 9:30 on Sunday mornings there is Gregorian chanting in the Church of Sant' Anselmo.

Nearby is the House of the Knights of Malta; look through the keyhole for a perfectly-framed view of St. Peters.

On the Via Veneto opposite the Majestic is the Cappucine's Chapel, where the walls and ceilings are decorated with strange and elaborate mosaic patterns made up of the bones and existence of the dead monks.

Michelangelo's 'Last Judgment" has now been unveiled. It is worth braving the hordes in the Sistine Chapel to be amazed at its brighter glory, a feat of restoration.

The Foro Otalico is the

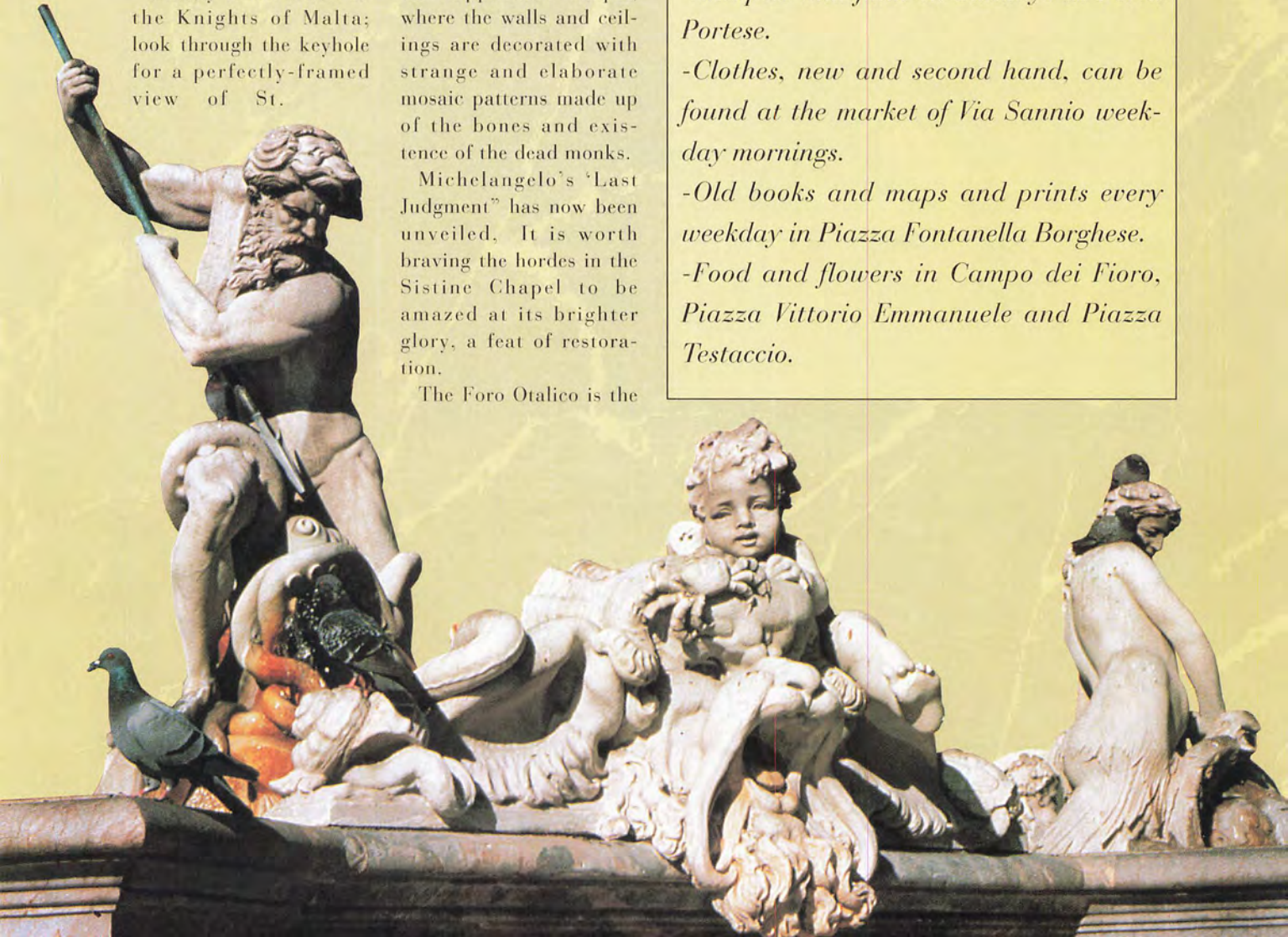
MARKETS:

-Antiques and junk on Sundays at Porta Portese.

-Clothes, new and second hand, can be found at the market of Via Sannio weekday mornings.

-Old books and maps and prints every weekday in Piazza Fontanella Borghese.

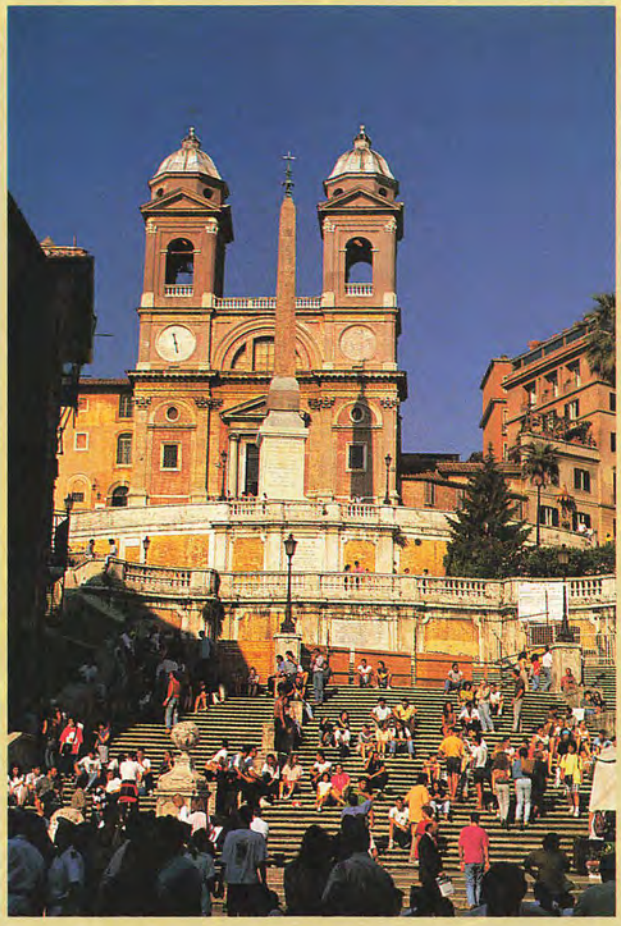
-Food and flowers in Campo dei Fioro, Piazza Vittorio Emmanuele and Piazza Testaccio.



sports complex built by Mussolini in praise of the fascist cult of athleticism. By appointment, the dictator's private gym may be visited. Homo-erotic mosaics of sportsmen surround the swimming pool. The modern sports stadium is stunning and a football match here is worth getting tickets for.

SHOPPING:

Romans have a style all of their own, and for people-watching and haute-couture shopping, the best area is the Via Condotti and the surrounding cluster of pedestrian streets that run off The Spanish Steps.



ARMANI, master of the unstructured jacket and casual understated look which epitomizes the Italian style, is in Via Condotti. The slightly less expensive EMPORIO ARMANI is round the corner in Via del Babuino. Here a silk designer tie will set you back only about 65.000 Lire.

VALENTINO for women is in Via Boca de Leone. The look is romantic, almost Chekhovian, with lots of cream and lace. For men it is classic, straight but with a twist. The shop is on Via Condotti with the less pricy OLIVER on Via del Babuino. A jacket at Valentino starts at around Lire 1.300.000 and is 40% less at Oliver.

After the success of the GUCCI platform clog, we now have square-toed pumps in shiny pastel patent leather and testering stilettoes. The main shop for accessories is Via Condotti.

VERSACE for woman is as sexy as ever with tiny skirts and bold designs, and they can be found in VERSUS on Via Borgognona.

Andy Warhol once described BULGARI as the best modern art museum in Rome. The world famous jewelers are in Via Condotti.

RADICONI is the citie's famous hatshop for men. Situated on the Via del Corso, 139. It is worth going simply to gawk at its Art Deco interior from the 1930's. Smart Romans also buy their cashmere pullovers, cravats, ties and knee-high socks here. ●

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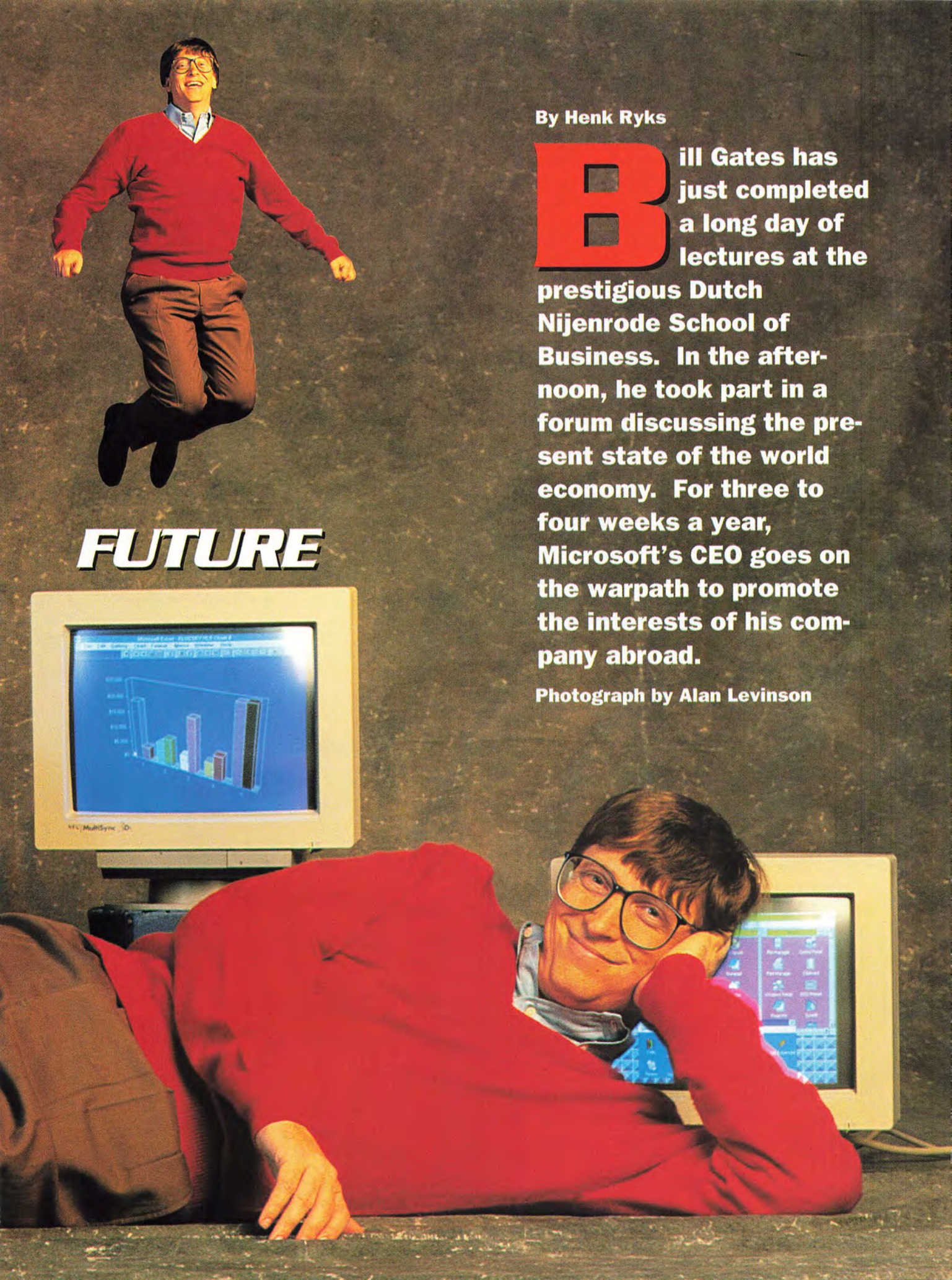
OF THE
ARCHITECT
Hammond
ATLAS
ROGET'S II



FUTURE

By Henk Ryks

Bill Gates has just completed a long day of lectures at the prestigious Dutch Nijenrode School of Business. In the afternoon, he took part in a forum discussing the present state of the world economy. For three to four weeks a year, Microsoft's CEO goes on the warpath to promote the interests of his company abroad.

Photograph by Alan Levinson

Tomorrow, he goes to Portugal, after having visited Paris, Oslo, London, Helsinki and Stockholm. Even though Gates has been away from home for a while, his mind never stops whirring, thinking up new products and brainstorming about a wide variety of subjects. Gates: "What does the credit card of the future look like and what part can Microsoft play in developing such a card? What is the future of artificial intelligence and speech-recognition and where is Microsoft going to invest its money? How are we doing in the consumer-electronics market and how do we ensure that our production methods are more efficient than those of our competitor... Every day, we send each other hundreds of e-mails.

The New Yorker recently published an article about you that mentioned your e-mail address. Did that significantly increase the mail you received?

Yes, it did. But my mail program is really intelligent. I've programmed it so that anything that comes from outside of the company is sorted into a separate file, unless it's from someone with whom I've had e-mail contact before or someone I know. I only answer internal e-mail, unless someone I don't know happens to send me something really interesting.

You've been compared with people like Henry Ford, Rockefeller and even been hailed as the new Gutenberg. What do you feel about comparisons like that?

I've never met any of the people you've mentioned, so I can't say. Besides, I've never really invented something like Gutenberg did. Actually, I didn't write a single programming code for Windows. People in the company do most of the work, not me.

You need to be smart, but that's not enough. You have to be creative in the way you use your smartness.

Bill Gates (left) often cuts a dashing sartorial figure in the world of technology or high finance. His eminence in innovation and turnover has been likened to Henry Ford and Howard Hughes. But Gates is far from camera shy...Say cheese...

But someone like Napoleon also had soldiers that fought for him and he got into the history books. Isn't someone like that an example for you?

I don't know if I'll ever appear in the history books, but I can assure you that Napoleon is not one of my role models. Someone like Steve Jobs (founder of Apple) will probably go down in history as the inventor of the PC and there are probably some other people like that I could name.

But surely there are people whom you admire?

Sure. I admire a number of scientists. I'm especially fascinated by a physicist like Richard Feynman. I even have videotapes of his lectures and speeches.

Why scientists?

Because they do nothing but think all day long and that's something that I'm sometimes jealous of. When I was younger I considered becoming a scientist, but I ended up choosing something else...

At the moment you're at the head of one of the world's most successful companies. What criteria do you think a good manager should live up to?

Good managers have to be smart.

Is that all?

No. You need to be smart, but that's not enough. You have to be creative in the way that you use your smartness. You have to have a full understanding of what it is that gives your company the edge over its competitors. And the people you choose to work with have to reflect that. Most of the people at Microsoft are supervisors rather than managers. I supervise 12 people, but I communicate with a far greater number of people about the direction that the company will make, I send messages, memos, give speeches.

Recently, there's been a lot of talk about the Information Highway, but few people understand the implications that it will really have. Can you sketch a picture of what the average household connected to the Highway would look like, and what part Microsoft would play in such a household?

Well, you'd need a large screen in your living room. It'll be a large flat

screen with high resolution. In your living room, you'd be quite far from the screen and it would be used to run a limited amount of applications. In other parts of the house you'd have screens that would be more personal, with a keyboard, storage capacities and a printer. You'll be able to do the same things on all the different systems, but one will be more for family use whereas you might make your homework on another system. Microsoft will be able to deliver the application software for the whole system. You'd use our software to do your shopping or book a flight. Those are just some examples of the kinds of applications you'd be able to run.

Won't Encarta, your new electronic encyclopedia which has just come out on CD-ROM, have to be translated into different languages and will it be economically viable for you to bring translated versions of the encyclopedia on the market?

If it's viable to bring out a hard cover encyclopedia in different languages, the same will hold true for the electronic equivalent. If it's economically viable to publish a hard cover encyclopedia, it'll certainly be viable to bring an electronic version out on the market. The contents of an electronic encyclopedia will be a lot more varied than a version printed on paper. You wouldn't have to deal with the bottleneck of the book-industry, to get at the information. On the Information Highway you'd be able to know within a second if there are any books available about a certain subject written in a certain language and how to obtain them.

Does the advent of digital media mean that printed literature will eventually disappear altogether?

That depends on the kind of books that you're talking about. With regard to literature, paper would obviously be superior to an electronic version. Paper is hard to beat. Everyone knows how to use it, it's portable, flexible... You're really going to have to come up with an awful lot of good reasons to get people to switch from paper to some other medium. But if it's a reference book you want, in which you have to look up

We take groups of all sizes who want to tour our distillery. And we're well equipped for folks who are physically handicapped.

VISIT AMERICA'S OLDEST registered distillery, and we'll take you to a room where every drop of Jack Daniel's is made.

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SMOOTH SIPPIN'
TENNESSEE WHISKEY

Tennessee Whiskey • 40-43% alcohol by volume (80-86 proof) • Distilled and Bottled by Jack Daniel Distillery, Lem Motlow, Proprietor, Route 1, Lynchburg (Pop 361), Tennessee 37352
Placed in the National Register of Historic Places by the United States Government.

things, then an electronic equivalent would be far superior. Our CD-ROM encyclopedia costs $99, compared to $600 for a printed version. Our encyclopedia is updated every year, whereas the paper version isn't. Ours has pictures, sound, film... I think it will be the death of the traditional hardback paper encyclopedia.

But unlike a normal book, you'll always need an electrical socket somewhere to be able to run any electronic medium.

True, but you also need gas to run your car. And when everyone was still riding horses, didn't you have to stop every now and then to let it graze? And they're still here, aren't they? I don't think that paper will disappear. It'll certainly be years before there are screens that are so easy to use, with such good picture quality, that they'll make paper obsolete.

With an enviable cash flow of $2.5 billion it's hardly surprizing that Gates (opposite) is usually all smiles. His charismatic persona has captured attention from the press across the globe.

You yourself are still very involved in developing new products. What would happen to Microsoft if anything should happen to you?

Ehh... Microsoft would have about 2.5 billion dollars in the bank. They wouldn't have to pay my salary anymore... They'd still have Windows and Word and Excel and there'd be 16,000 employees minus one. Of course, they'd have to look for a new CEO. To be honest, I can't think of anyone who'd be able to do it. But the company would certainly keep going. They've got so many smart people walking around.

Research has shown that about 50% of all managers don't know how to handle a computer or even have some irrational fear of it. Children, on the other hand, don't seem to be bothered at all. How do you explain that?

Children are incredibly intelligent! Do you know how much information a child is able to absorb in the first years of its life? A hell of a lot! Besides, children are very flexible and open to new ideas. Just look at how fast kids learn a new language. I was also very young when I learned how to work with computers.

Can you imagine that there are still top managers who don't know how to work with computers?

Sure, there are enough CEOs that do just fine without them. A friend of mine, Warren Buffet, who's an investor, still doesn't own a PC. It's not as if being computer-illiterate prevents you from becoming a manager. What is true is that those kinds of people have to surround themselves with a lot more human assistants who are able to hand them the information on paper. If you'd be able to work with spreadsheets you'd be a lot faster off and be a lot more flexible. Especially now that we are entering the information age, being able to receive good information is vitally important. Nowadays, you can make a fortune in the blink of an eye, but it's just as easy to lose it. Even Microsoft isn't guaranteed of eternal success. We operate in a hi-tech industry and that's still a very risky business in which you can be wiped out in the blink of an eye. What happened to IBM could just as easily happen to us...

A SHORT HISTORY OF MICROSOFT

'Architects of the Future' is the subtitle of Microsoft's latest annual report. This is the company that took just twenty years to climb to the absolute pinnacle of the software industry. In 1975, 19-year old Bill Gates and a friend started a small software company that developed operating programs for game computers. When IBM needed an operating system for their very first IBM Personal Computer, Gates turned out to be the right man at the right time. After accepting their offer, the young businessman/programmer bought the rights to other operating systems (Q-DOS, Quick and Dirty Operating System), played around with it for about three months and renamed it MS-DOS, short for Micro Soft Disk Operating System. At that moment, IBM made a crucial mistake, allowing Gates to keep the rights to MS-DOS. They thought that hardware, not software, was where the profits were to be had. It turned out to be exactly the other way around. In the early 80's the first IBM compatibles appeared on the market, machines that were significantly cheaper than their IBM counterparts. To assure their clients that their models would be compatible with the then world-leading IBM PCs, the newcomers all chose MS-DOS as their operating hardware. At that moment, the cash register started ringing for Bill Gates and it's never stopped ringing since. Fourteen years after the pale, bespectacled young man signed the contract with IBM, his company had grown into the world's largest producer of software, with a current market value of some 24 billion dollars, bigger than either IBM or General Motors. According to estimates made by Forbes, Bill Gates is the second-richest man in America, with a personal fortune of more than 6 billion dollars. This was largely due to the success of MS-DOS, but also because Microsoft, inspired by Gates, started producing other applications (word processors, spreadsheets) besides operating software. At present, Microsoft has a 50% share of the world market. The next coup was the Windows program, a shell which facilitates working with computers by linking them to a mouse, windows and icons, an idea which Apple was already using with success. After a slow start, Windows too became a huge money maker, with more than 40 million copies sold and counting.

How is it that Bill Gates, on whose shoulders and ideas Microsoft still leans heavily, succeeds time and time again in changing the face of the entire computer market? One explanation might be that Gates is not just a brilliant technician, but also a canny businessman and an exceptionally innovative manager. The theory he swears by is that all information should be available to everyone at any given moment, a theory on which he still runs his huge company. All Microsoft employees across the world are linked through an international network. This means that every employee can have immediate access to other employees, exchanging ideas and information using e-mail. Given a good enough reason, everyone in the company is able to send an e-mail message to Gates (address: billg@microsoft.com) who'll receive the message on his screen immediately. Gates himself needs only press the proverbial button to access all company data, turnover figures on every Microsoft. This means he doesn't need any managers that have to report to him personally; Gates has all the information he needs at his fingertips.

Nowadays you can make a fortune in the blink of an eye, but it's just as easy to lose it. Even Microsoft isn't guaranteed eternal success.

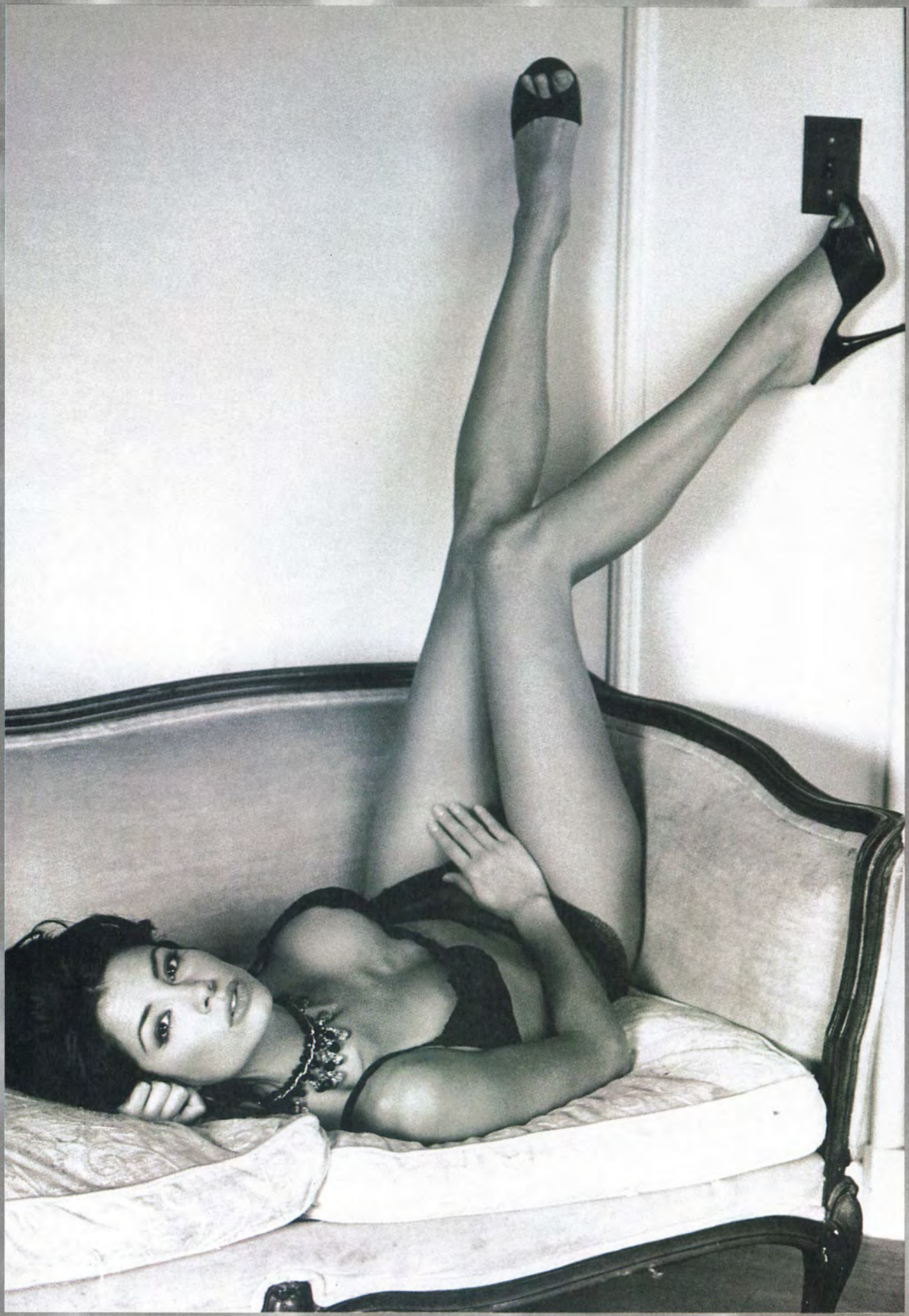
It is not surprising that not everyone in the computer industry is entirely happy with monopoly of Gates and Microsoft. Partly at the instigation of Gates' competitors, the American Federal Trade Commission is currently investigating the company's policies. But no one seriously thinks that the investigation, which has been running for several years, will result in an indictment or a court case. As long as Microsoft remains the driving force behind the entire American software industry, no one in their right mind will dare challenge its position. This does not mean that Microsoft is untouchable. Last month a judge ruled that the company had breached the copyright of Stac, a small software company that discovered a way to double the capacity of a hard disk. Initially, Microsoft negotiated with Stac for the license to this technology, but negotiations broke down. When it was discovered that Microsoft was offering a remarkably similar type of system on their newest MS-DOS version, David decided to challenge the software Goliath. And with success: the judge ruled that MS-DOS could not be sold with the disc-doubler program. Although Gates was less than pleased at this setback, he was able to take it in stride. The end of this year will be the successor to Windows 3.1, now known only by its codename, Chicago. Besides promising greater speed, it is said to be even more user-friendly thanks to a completely new look. Microsoft is also trying to use Windows to bridge the gap with other kinds of 'configurations', like office and household appliances. The first results are already there: copiers, faxes and telephones that are operated by Windows-related programs. Microsoft is also hard at work on an operating system for interactive-TV's, a cross between a PC and a TV, with which every household of the future can be linked to the Information Highway. Gate's youngest coup, the implications of which are just starting to be felt, is the purchase of the digital reproduction rights of the world's most important art treasures. This means that everyone who wants to have an electronic reproduction of say, a van Gogh, needs to purchase them from you-know-who. In his new house, currently being built in Seattle and reputed to cost 35 million dollars, the walls are being fitted with huge flat screens on which Gates and his wife will be able to project all of the world's prime works of art. "No, honey, I don't want a Rembrandt tonight, I'm so tired of the Dutch Masters..." Architect of the future indeed. ●

with an adventure in
the light and shade of flesh
tones. Often inspired
with simple but
graphic composition. Bolger's
work is always compelling, and
captures a swirling
sense of mood.
With model, Aliecia Guzman
(Nina Blanchard Model Agency)

House of the Spirit

In his second shoot for Platinum, top male model turned photographer, Sean Bolger takes a walk on the wild side,

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SEAN BOLGER



as his subject Bolger marries a keen sense of fashion chic with a subtle emotional undercurrent. Shot on location, in one of L.A.'s more palatial residences, the heavy shadows give this work qualities reminiscent of Karsh.

In hispanic tradition, the House of the Spirit was always a place full of memories, and old ghosts of love. Of course the equally memorable Aliccia Guzman has often been seen in top music videos with the likes of Michael Bolton.

Aerosmith, and Jeff Healey. She has been featured in many commercials and advertisements including Nike, Reebok, Budweiser, and is currently attending one of L.A.'s more prominant acting schools.

HEAT OF THE NIGHT

Fashion by Derric Lowe/LaMoine

For those nights out on the town, only the rich or the fashion victim wears designer clothing head to toe. The rest of us invest in one expensive jacket and accessorize it with chainstore lines, or for those a bit more adventuresome, antiques from our favorite vintage store.

Photographs by Johnny Rosza/LaMoine

Suit by Jon Valdi, Los Angeles; white t-shirt by Ralph Lauren RRL; belt by Junior Gaultier from X Collection, Los Angeles; boots from Madison Shoes, Los Angeles.

Center: black tuxedo jacket by Emporio Armani; black jeans by Armani A/X; red and black vintage vest and red shirt from American Rag Cie.; belt by the Gap; boots from Ammons.
Sitting: black stretch jeans by X-Collection, Los Angeles; black linen vest by Byblos; hat by Kangol; vintage shirt by American Rag Cie.; black t-shirt by Calvin Klein; cowboy boots by Mark Fox, Los Angeles.

Left: blue ruffled vintage shirt by American Rag Cie.; black leather vest by Mark Fox, Los Angeles; jeans by Guess?; boots by Ammons.
Right: tuxedo jacket by Emporio Armani; denim shirt and blue jeans by Guess?; boots by Ammons.

Left: black suede jeans by Mark Fox, Los Angeles; denim shirt by Guess?; vest by Bill Wall Leather, Malibu; belt by the Gap. Right: jeans by Levis; black suede shirt by Mark Fox, Los Angeles; belt by Banana Republic; sunglasses by Ray Ban; boots by Ammons.

Makeup: Antonella Renyer for Cloutier

Butterfly shirt and linen vest by Byblos; beige linen pants by Banana Republic; white ribbed tank t-shirt by Calvin Klein; belt by Junior Gaultier from X-Collection, Los Angeles; sunglasses by Ray Ban.

Left: His blue vintage jacket from American Rag Cie.; white shirt by Armani A/X; black jeans by Guess?. Right, silk dress from Barney's New York; shoes by Todd Oldham.

Left and right: pastel colored shirts
by American Rag Cie.;
t-shirts by Ralph Lauren RRL.
Center: pink satin jacket
by Diesel; light blue net top by
X-Collection, Los Angeles.

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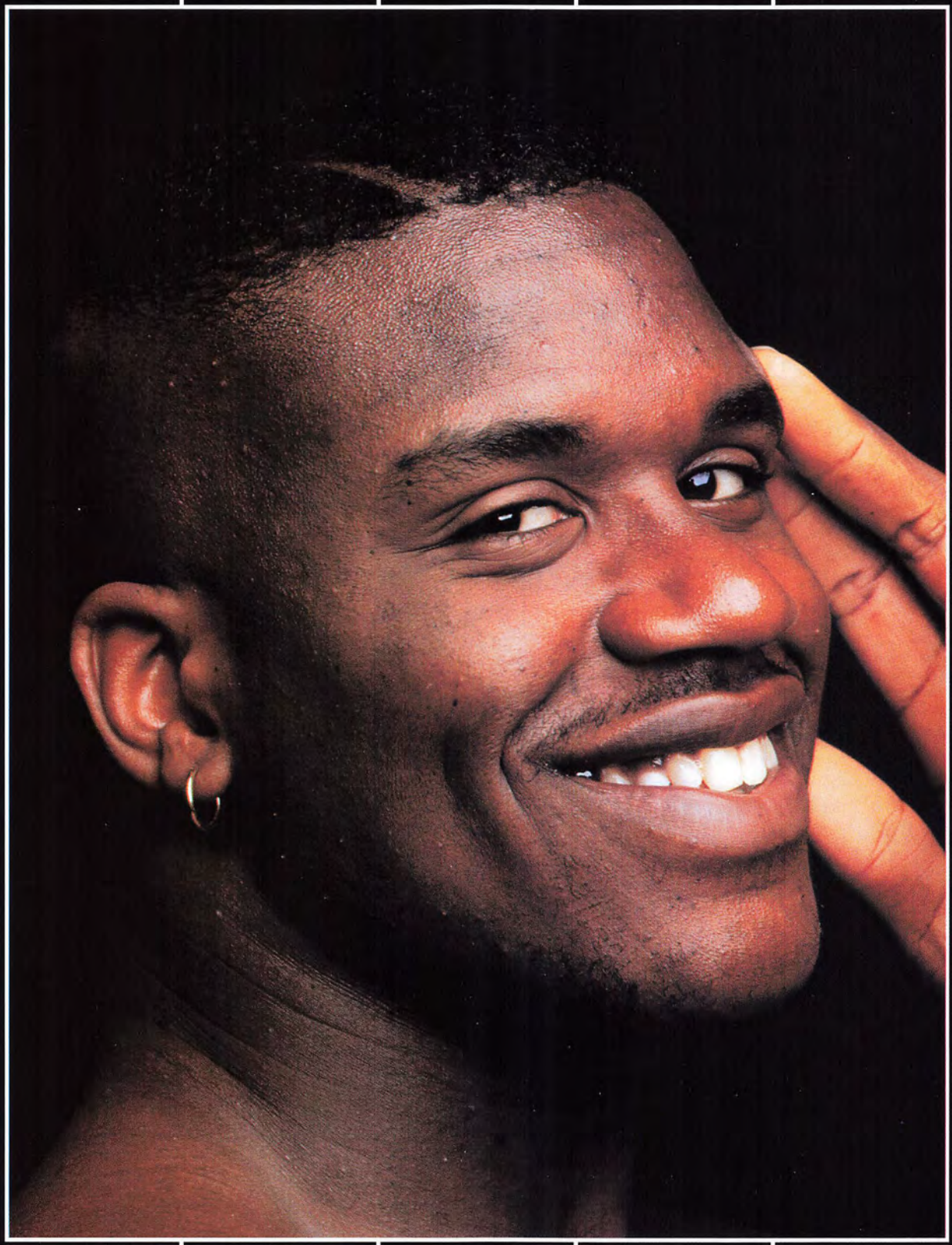
Shaquille O'Neal - the one man back-board-wrecking crew–is en route to becoming one of the most highly paid sportstars ever - And we asked him why.

BE YOUNG SLAM DUNK AND DRINK PEPSI

By Sindri Kartvedt



Photograph by Michael O'Neill

Shaquille O'Neal has the world's biggest smile. And as the current strongman of the NBA, the 21-year-old Shaq Attack has signed contracts and endorsement deals in excess of $75 million, and is being hailed as the heir to King Jordan himself.

It's not that Shaq could ever dream of doing the gracious aerial ballet that became Michael Jordan's championship trademark. But then again, Jordan would never be able to tear down backboards the way Shaquille has done, not once, not twice, but with what to NBA groundskeepers must be terrifying regularity. No, what Shaq has in common with Jordan is an immediately identifiable image, which translates directly into massive, world-wide marketability. To wit: Shaquille O'Neal had his own logo when he signed his deal with the Orlando Magic two years ago.

The NBA virtually exploded in the 80's, as players like Magic Johnson and Jordan elevated the game to an almost unbelievable level of style, intelligence and athleticism. Like no other sport, it managed to slam dunk its' way into mainstream pop culture through aggressive and innovative packaging.

And so when Jordan retired last summer, Shaquille O'Neal stepped forward as a true contender to the throne of NBA figurehead, glaring down on older competitors like 'Sir' Charles Barkley and David 'The Admiral' Robinson. "When people say I could be the next Michael Jordan, well, he's a great player, and to have my name even next to his is a big honor for me," Shaq told reporters after a recent outing against the Knicks. "But I'm not in this to compete with Michael Jordan."

Not much gets by the Shaq Attack. Any opportunity that might come drifting by is liable to get slammed, jammed, and dunked into oblivion. O'Neal released his first rap record last fall, titled *Diesel*, which went on to sell surprisingly well. And his movie debut, *Blue Chips*, which was released in March, saw him playing opposite Nick Nolte.

Whether it's bus sides (above) rappin' up a storm (far right) or just being Blue Chip Mr. Nice-Guy (right) the Shaq Attack is a multi-media event, raking in fans at every possible turn.

O'Neal acquits himself well as an actor, thriving on the court and displaying winning charm off. Of Shaq's on screen persona, *Blue Chips* director William Friedkin confides, "There was very little direction. If Shaq's good, and I think he's great, it's because he felt relaxed enough to bring to performing what he already knew."

But the combination of a movie, a hit record, plus high profile commercials for Reebok and Pepsi, has caused some to question Shaq's attention to his game, and question whether the NBA is best served by a player who tears down backboards rather than winning games consistently. Asked during this year's All-Star Game what he'd like to do if he had Shaquille O'Neal's opportunities, Magic Johnson shot back, "I'd be working on a hook shot! I'd be trying to improve my game!"

Shaquille is not a complete player like Jordan or Magic was. But so far, he's been coasting on his awesome slam dunks, critics claim, running into trouble whenever he's double- or triple-played. He doesn't have much range as

a shooter, and considering that for most teams the only way to stop him is to foul him, his free throw percentages should be way higher than they are. Add it up, and see that a whopping 70% of his points scored this season have been dunks. That's the bad news.

The good news is that this is still good enough to lead the NBA in scoring.

But when this Platinum reporter met Shaquille, he'd just been given a basketball lesson, New York style, by Knicks' center Patrick Ewing, who held his Orlando counterpart to 20 points and won the game in convincing fashion. Still, O'Neal can afford to martial defeat in the same cavalier spirit as he deals with victory.

Even with the press furor over *Blue Chips*, and the illegal college player pay-offs it portrays, Shaq remains matter-of-fact about his formative days in college ball.

"I was taught by my mother never to sell my soul," he says."But it does go on. I can remember going to some college, and guys drive up in Benz's and BMWs and wear real nice clothes.

"There were so many programs who heard stories about my father, the sarge, that I really didn't get offered much. Promise you man, I didn't! A couple of times when I was at LSU, couple of boosters came up and said 'Would you like to go to dinner? Do you need anything?' - I just told them no.

"The rule is," Shaq continues, "you can work in the summer, if you work in a place where everybody makes the same amount of money. So I worked at a construction company. Now, you probably think I was just sitting at a desk, but I was on the field - lifting pipes, cutting grass, and getting bit by mosquitoes. We made a certain amount an hour, they cut that in half. We could get half of that in the summer, then during the nine months of school, you got a check every month for the rest. Which is about $200."

With college coaches getting million dollar endorsements now, the plight of the players seems a problematic one. Still, O'Neal sees the answer as simple. "I think college athletes *should* get

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paid," he replies. "When I say paid, I mean with individual contracts - each player, no matter how good or how sorry, should get $200 a month. Like I said, you can't work through the season, so you can't go to the movies like you want to, you can't take a girl out, and you have to eat dorm food all the time, man! Dorm food gets kinda nasty, so $200 a month would help."

Time after time Shaq slams, jams, and smashes backboards (right), with an alarming regularity. And despite poor free throw stats, Shaq remains the constant league high scorer.

For O'Neal, college days, and easy questions of conscience are long gone. Being point man in the Shaq Attack marketing campaign, how can O'Neal maintain his integrity or sense of being his own man?

"Well, things are different now," he acknowledges. "I'm dealing with companies. And my image is real simple. It's me and myself. Most of my commercials, you see me tearing down backboards - that's what I do. You see me going to the park and playing with little kids - that's what I do. They're not trying to make me something I'm not."

With the money being paid to NBA stars now, the players like Jordan and Barkley can afford to retire earlier than they might have done otherwise. And with that being a not-too-distant reality for Shaq - then, we may all ask, without basketball, what next?

"I don't know," he muses. "But I have a lot of talents, so I'll keep myself busy. I know I want to own a radio station at some point. And I would love to do Terminator 3. I think I would like to, ah, beat Arnold up. I would like to play an action thriller movie."

Often those 'in the business' charge that, with such a heavy schedule of extra-curricular activities, O'Neal's game is suffering. But he's quick to diffuse such accusations.

"Despite what I'm doing, I think my game's pretty good. You're looking at a 21-year-old, he's doing a lot of things, and you say he doesn't know where his priorities are. Well, this summer, I woke up at ten, worked out from eleven to one, and then everything else went on after one. There's only so much playing you could do. Basketball is my number one priority."

So why can't Shaq shoot free throws ?

"It's just..." He pauses, thoughtfully. "Going up to the line, dribbling, following through - sometimes I don't follow through, sometimes I don't have the arch. So, it's concentration. But I'll get there. And I'll call you," he grins.

The team talk aside, the media has invested more in Shaq, the gentle giant, than just cross-over celebrity status. Often his success, sporting excellence, and million-dollar smile are portrayed as a role model for young children. Charles Barkley made a Nike commercial about how he felt that this was the parent's job, not his. And on this point Shaq is in agreement.

"There are many definitions of the word role model," he says. "When I was growing up, a role model was a person you could talk to when you had a problem with the birds and the bees, whether or not to do drugs, or stay in school, and my role model was my father. Yeah, I think parents need to do a little better job of being there for their children instead of saying 'Be like Shaq'."

On a daily basis with the Orlando Magic, the NBA, Pepsi, and Reebok, Shaquille O'Neal is always under pressure, his life and work being the ultimate focus of staggering capital investment. Lesser men may have aged prematurely or buckled under the strain. But amidst all the energy expounded Shaq remains calm and easy going.

"Believe it or not, I really don't believe in pressure," he explains wryly. "Pressure is when you go home at night and don't know where your next meal is coming from - that's pressure. When you don't know where you're gonna stay the next night - that's pressure."

"Me, I just keep things simple. I just have to stay out of trouble, play ball, have fun. And be young, and drink Pepsi!" ●

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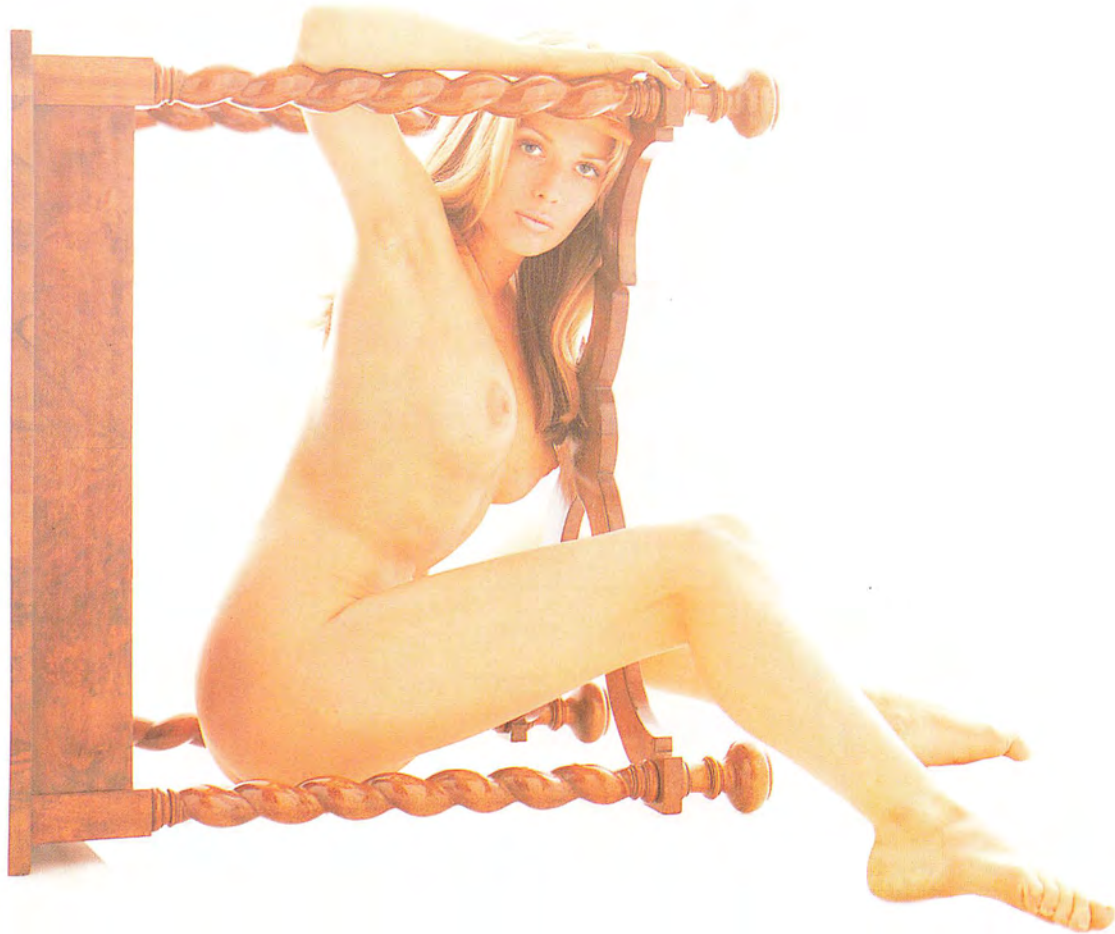
The last flower child

Jean-Claude Maillard brings a keen sense of vogue and style to all his work. Foremost an advertising and fashion photographer with clients like Revlon and Redken, Maillard's precision of form as well as incisive sense of color makes him highly prized within commercial realms.

Photographs by Jean Claude Maillard

Make-up by Aliki Demetriades/Profile. Hair by Mitch Stone/Profile. Styling by Rhett Collier/Celestine.

But more importantly his almost lyrical images cross over for us into visions of contemporary art photography. With Maillard there's no such thing as just another model, or just another nude. Each shoot is given a unique idea of time and place. And whether retro or post-modern, Maillard creates something



classic - an expression of universal sensuality.
In *The Last Flower Child*, Maillard takes us back to the pastel shades of the 1960's. This was a time of free love for a generation.

an age where the sexual revolution was at it's height. Music was in the air, and Woodstock fever was sweeping the nation. Times may have changed, and Goldie Hawn may be a blast from the past. Still, the straggly long hair, short skirts, and pale lip-gloss

flavors are back with a vengeance.
Whether it's the pages of
Harper's Bazaar, a rock concert
from Prince, or even Rodeo
Drive - women are adopting the sexy,
free 'n' easy styles that symbolized
the swinging sixties.
With the anthem 'All You Need is Love'

playing in the background, Maillard presents a series of sensual studies that echo past passion and futuristic erotica. So put on your sandals, wig out to Hendrix, and enjoy *The Last Flower Child* before she steps back into the less-complicated era she came from.

LAND OF A THOUSAND DANCES

THE SHARP DOLLAR QUICK-STEP OF DOWNTOWN TAXI-DANCERS

BY JEFF BLAIR

The scene: a club in downtown Los Angeles. Pulsating lights, swelling music. I'm having trouble hearing—not that the music's too loud, but my companion has her tongue in my ear. We met fifteen minutes ago, but Rosie's a fast worker.

And she is working. The meter's running, and I'm paying. Because Rosie is a taxi dancer, an occupation that has died out almost everywhere but L.A., where it thrives in downtown "hostess clubs." Taxi dance halls have operated here since the twenties, flourishing in the forties' flood of servicemen on leave, hungry for female company. The ambiance varies from sleazy to glitzy, but all the clubs offer girls-for-hire, a dance floor, pool tables, and a TV lounge. That covers the officially permitted activities. But unofficially. . . shit happens.

The Club Savoy experience is typical: I entered, paid a $4 entrance fee, and surveyed the young hostesses displaying their checkered charms on a long sofa. Rosie seemed less bored and shopworn than the others, so I asked her to dance, waiting as she punched a card in a time clock (rate: $21.00/hour). In no time the tall, lithe brunette had me in a full-body press on the dance floor. "You're really cute," she murmured in a sultry Louisiana accent. "You oughtta see the geeky guys we get in here." ("Oh, I'll bet you say that to all the geeks.")

Now we're semi-reclining on a sofa in the dim lounge area off the Club Savoy dance floor. Lights

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW UNANGST

from the mirror ball swirl past prickly red-light chandeliers, large fake plants and a luminous aquarium. It's like the basement rec room of a dysfunctional Middle American family—Mom and Dad must be upstairs, drinking and fighting. Rosie's clingy white wisp of a dress is riding up her marvelous thighs as she tongues my ear and tousles my hair. This is playing hell with my note-taking, not to mention journalistic objectivity.

A good taxi dancer is part courtesan, part confessor. The burn-out factor is high, but Rosie loves her job. "I've worked here two years," she bubbles. "I just like guys—if I didn't, I couldn't do this." We order two pineapple juices—hostess clubs can't get a license to serve alcohol. I tell her she's the most attractive woman in the place. "Oh, there's even prettier girls that work here. You should have been here yesterday—it was lingerie night." She pulls out some Polaroids of herself, in lacy lingerie, garter belt, mid-thigh nylons, and fuck-me pumps.

The Downtown Clubs seem to operate in a legal netherworld and in that sense they are like a time capsule - a place where human contact is reduced to a statutory toll for lonely hearts.

Isn't it hard to dance for hours in stiletto heels? "I'm used to it now, but I never wore high heels until five years ago." Wait a minute—tall, muscular, sultry voice, new to high heels—could this she be a former he? My suspicion vanishes as I reconsider the physical evidence: you don't get hips like that from hormones. "I was always a tomboy," Rosie explains. "An Army brat, then an Army wife." She massages my shoulders, then my hands. "I used to be a blonde," she says. "I mean all over." "You even dyed down there?" I ask. "Yeah, y'know—for lingerie night." Of course. "But when I was blonde, guys kept wanting me to be their girlfriend, and we don't go out with customers. I have more fun as a brunette." Rosie's blend of ego-stroking and soft caresses is the kind of therapy a lot of guys could use—if they wouldn't get jealous when another man punches her time card.

I USED TO BE A BLONDE...I MEAN ALL OVER...I EVEN DYED DOWN THERE... FOR LINGERIE NIGHT

Dee, the no-nonsense owner of the Savoy Club, is reluctant to talk to me at first. "We've let TV crews film in here and they always make us look bad," she says. "There are eleven hostess clubs in L.A., and mine is the cleanest. Look, it's a girlie biz. We're not saints, but it's not all dirty. There's no drinking. We provide a service for lonely men." Ah, the unsung Florence Nightingales of the night.

The Savoy seems fairly legit, but some of the dancers in the other clubs offer more than massages. The hostess clubs are a legal netherworld. They're licensed by the city, and LAPD vice cops conduct periodic inspections, but. . . let's just say that some of the club operators are less than curious about what happens in the darker corners. And they can't control what goes on after hours. "We don't get an abnormal number of complaints on the clubs," says one vice cop. "There's lewd conduct, for sure, but the customers are all adult males. I worry more about lewd conduct in the old Broadway movie theaters, where families still go."

The L.A. Times always has ads that promise big bucks for hostesses (Start Today! No Experience Necessary!). At most clubs, dancers get minimum wage plus more when they're on the clock (usually fifteen cents a minute), plus tips. It's more than the ten cents a dance made famous in the song of the same name, which Doris Day crooned in the film *Love Me or Leave Me*. But it's not mucho dinero—unless a girl can get more in pay for play. Whether or not she puts out, she'll have to hustle to do well as a taxi dancer. She'll have to humor guys that some women would cross the street to avoid. Better bucks than flipping burgers, but then your ass is your own at McDonald's. "For where some of them come from, it's not bad money," notes the vice cop. "Some of them are from countries where just surviving is a problem. Getting groped doesn't seem so bad if they can make some money, maybe go home one day and buy a business." Flexible work rules—show up by 8 or 9 p.m., work till 2 a.m., no need to call when you don't feel like going in to work—make the job convenient for students, actresses, and struggling 9-to-5ers.

The next night I go to Club Fantasy, a new place on 4th Street. The girls—in the de rigueur tight, short dresses and high heels—sit in the only well-lit area, smoking and chewing gum. There are ten thousand sordid stories in the naked city, and these women must have heard—or lived—most of them. The clientele is mostly Asian. One of them has rented two girls, perhaps living out some white-slaver fantasy. The space looks like a secondhand smoke experiment run amuck. The deejay is spinning sappy old Top 40 ballads. You can't even dance with the best-looking woman in the place, a provocative redhead. She's the wait-

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ress, working the room with a passive-aggressive flair. Is that a Tony Orlando song? I'm outta here.

Driving south, I sail across the headwaters of Wilshire Boulevard and drop anchor at Club Paradise. It's festooned with Cupids and crepe paper left over from Valentine's Day. Most of the dancers only speak Spanish. I choose a young black woman I'll call Liz. (I'm using fake names instead of the dancers' own names, most of which are also fake.) Liz works for a tabloid TV show by day, takes college courses at night and works here to add to her meager salary. "I wore a wig at first, but now I'm not worried about being recognized," she says. "You get people from all walks of life in here. Some of them try to put their hands all over you. I tell them, 'Look, I'm not like that.' A short guy put his tongue on my breast, and I slapped him. I look at some of these older guys and wonder if their grandkids know they're down here fondling girls. Some of these women will do anything for five dollars."

We take refuge in the TV lounge, a dim make-out pit. A pair of high-heeled legs dangles off a nearby sofa. "This job really lowered my self-esteem at first, until I turned my attitude around: they're paying to talk to me," she says. "I don't call them customers, I call them my friends. And I leave the job here when I walk out the door." Guys who want more than talk choose someone else. Liz's tips aren't great, but she gets to apply her psychology and acting lessons. "I wrote a story for English class using characters I met here," she says. "My teacher said I had a great imagination—if he only knew."

I LOOK AT SOME OF THESE OLDER GUYS AND WONDER IF THEIR GRANDKIDS KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING

Over on Figueroa, Danceland's neon sign draws men off the mean, deserted streets upstairs to a vast, crowded ballroom. The customers and hostesses are mostly Hispanic. A hot cumbia is playing, drowned out every so often by a torrent of distorted Spanish, exhorting the crowd (Ten Minutes of Fast Dancing!). It could be a Guadalajara dance hall, or a bus station with very bad lighting. A sign reads: Notice to Patrons & Employees—Persons engaging in lewd conduct or prostitution activity are subject to arrest and prosecution under Section 647 of the California Penal Code. A lot of the girls here fill their cocktail dresses to overflowing. ("Some guys like chunky women," explains a strawberry blonde Latina. "They says bones are for dogs.") Most of the men wear jeans and T-shirts. It's a scene out of Depression-era America, except the clothes were better back then.

Club Starlight caters to Japanese businessmen. Past the koi tank at the red-ceilinged entrance is a waiting room full of pretty women. "The Japanese guys are more reserved—until they get you in a dark booth," one tells me. There are plenty of dark booths, and a dance floor decorated with mirrored walls, Christmas lights, black lights, and a fountain. A vapor machine clouds the feet of couples slow-dancing to lush, empty ballads. It's a low-rent version of Rising Sun's xenophobia, the Yellow Peril despoiling American beauties. But there are also Asian women. "There's some fast trade at the Starlight," says an ex-hostess. "It's an L.A. version of the geisha thing." I drive home wearily, passing a mannequin store with windows full of naked, plastic women striking poses.

Another night, another club: L.A. Grand, a big, airy place on Grand Avenue that could double as a regular club, with lots of leather sofas, pool tables, and industrial-strength sound and lighting on the dance floor. At the door is a photo of hostesses in bikinis, promoting Bikini Night. Inside are numbered photos of all the dancers. Heavy Hispanic action here—the salsa is pumping. I ask a good-looking blonde to clock in. She has an unspoiled look that seems exotic in this setting.

We dance to a soulful Latin ballad that is perfect for the melancholy of taxi dancing, for the whole crazy, bittersweet tango between the sexes. "I just moved down from Seattle and needed a job quick," explains Barbara, who's nineteen. "They told me to 'work the guys.' If you let customers touch you, they'll pay. The manager told me to close my eyes and pretend it's someone else. Some of them smell like they never wash, but we also get wealthy guys who lack social skills or don't want to make any emotional investment. They offer to take you shopping, invite you to go away with them." I remember what another dancer told me: "You kiss a toad, he doesn't turn into a prince—you just get slimed."

We sit down and order mineral water. "Half the customers are okay, half are perverts, and you can't tell by the way they're dressed," she continues. "One regular buys panties and pubic hair for his collection. A lot of the girls get really hard here. Some are ex-strippers, some are into drugs.

some have kids and boyfriends—they don't admit that to customers. And they tell their families they work as waitresses and cashiers. Some of them have saved thousands of dollars in tips."

Barbara's quitting next month to go to school, which makes it easier to laugh at some of her customers, like the one who claimed John Travolta taught him how to dance. "He danced like a monkey," she recalls. Then there are the romantic misfits who fall in love with their favorite dancers and expect them to act equally infatuated. "They forget you're with them because they're paying," she says. "I've learned to smile while listening to the most boring stories in the world, to tell some guy he has nice eyes while I'm thinking how gross he is. It's changed my view of men—I go home thinking they're absolute pigs. I'm not a drinker, but I've been drinking more, just to get psyched up to work here."

At all the clubs, the dancers form cliques, talk about which guys tip big and which ones are bad news. A girl can become a total bitch on heels when she loses a high-tipping regular to another dancer. "There's a lot of bullshit here, a lot of ruthless people," says a hostess named Charlene. "Some of the girls have had hard lives. They only know how to use you." "This place has taught me not to trust people until they gave me a reason to," adds Barbara. "Before, I trusted people until they gave me a reason to distrust them. A lot of the girls think this job is easy—you just talk and dance. But it's the hardest thing I've ever done."

Tender sensibilities are a luxury in this game. Don't look for them at Club Flamingo, which resembles the vandalized gate area of a Third World airport. Club Flamingo probably has the most attractive dancers of all. I dance with Jewel, a tawny-skinned beauty built like a Porsche Targa. She's one of L.A.'s legion of MAWs (Model/Actress/ Whatever). "It's not a bad job," she says. "Tax-free tips and a lot of exercise. I've made enough to buy a condo. Some of these girls have very nice cars." Jewel tells me she doesn't do more than dance, but says about half the hostesses offer other services on the side. "Customers pick them up at 2, when we close. They might go to breakfast or they might just go to bed."

It's hard to believe, but Jewel says she was shy when she started. "You learn fast—how to keep men interested, how to leave 'em with a hope but no hot water. It's an art." She hustles me hard for a fat tip when I clock her out, but I keep it in the cold-water range.

In the hostess clubs, some customers want to dance slow no matter what the tempo is. The deejay spins a bass-heavy song by K7 that gets almost everyone moving: *Come baby, come baby, baby come come. You gotta give me lovin' you gotta give me some.* A stone Amazon dances with an old guy in what looks like a white nightshirt, who makes weird jerky motions. I'm sitting this one out with Angie, a sexy redhead. "That guy's wild—he's a regular," she says of the spry oldster. "He's probably married. I'd say 90% of the men who come here are married or living with their girlfriends. You hear all kinds of sob stories. Then they try to get you in the 'grinding spot,' over behind that pillar. They fired a girl for giving a guy a blow job in that corner, before they put in those lights." Angie wets her lips and suggests a breakfast date, but I'm getting that terrorists-are-circling-the-airport feeling, so I clock her out. She tells me to come back on Thursday for the bikini contest.

Back on the freeway, I ponder taxi dancing, a throwback to a more rigid, repressed time. Maybe that's why it survives. Unlike 900 numbers and other solitary porn, it gives you more than a distant voice (or your lonely manhood) to hang onto. You get an actual woman, in a bizarre parody of a senior prom. It may be a loser's game, but at least the rules are posted and the clock keeps the score straight. Hostess clubs make explicit what is implicit in rest of our cynical society: time is money, money is time, you play, you pay—no one rides for free. ●

HOSTESS CLUBS

CLUB STARLIGHT,
1224 S. Broadway, 747-7653
CLUB FLAMINGO,
12th and Figueroa, 748-2512
L.A. SAVOY CLUB,
315 W. Sixth St., 972-9630 & 625-7153
L.A. GRAND CLUB,
1040 S. Grand Ave., 745-9029 & 746-9528
DANCELAND,
1324 S. Figueroa, 745-6076 & 745-8500
CLUB FANTASY,
4th St. near Broadway
CLUB PARADISE,
Olympic near Figueroa

Aside from one location in upstate New York, and a number of mid-western or coastal destinations, LA is the last place to find Taxi-Dancing in large supply.

TOTALLY HIDDEN PAULY

BY EVE BRANDSTEIN

"PICTURE LITTLE LEAGUE GAMES - MY DAD ON ONE SIDE OF THE DIAMOND, YOU KNOW, WEARING NOTHING BUT HIS SPEEDOS, BAN DE SOLEIL ALL OVER HIM, SPEAKING TO ME LIKE A HOMOSEXUAL, 'HIT THE BALL, YOU LITTLE PRICK. THAT'S MY KID OUT THERE.' AND I'D BE IN THE BATTER'S CIRCLE, REALLY EMBARRASSED, JUST KINDA "FUCK". AND THEN THERE'D BE FIVE HUNGOVER COMICS ON THE OTHER SIDE, HITTING ON THE BEVERLY HILLS HOUSEWIVES."

I'M DRIVING AROUND IN THE HOLLYWOOD HILLS, TRYING TO FIND THE PLACE THAT PAULY SHORE CALLS HOME — A PLACE THAT UNTIL RECENTLY WAS A DRUG/REHAB/HALF-WAY HOUSE. ALONG THE WAY I PASS THE COMEDY STORE, OWNED BY HIS MOTHER MITZI SHORE, WHERE PAULY STARTED HIS COMEDY CAREER.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARIO CASILLI

This is Pauly Shore territory; where Pauly learned about timing and punch lines from his father, comic Sammy Shore; where he saw the ups and downs of the entertainment industry; where he cultivated his now famous "Weasle" character. At 25, Pauly is a pop culture phenomena who has performed live stand-up for nearly a decade. He has two comedy albums, THE FUTURE OF AMERICA and SCRAPS FROM THE FUTURE, two motion pictures, THE ENCINO MAN and THE SON-IN-LAW, an hour long television special and has hosted one of MTV's funniest original programs - TOTALLY DIFFERENT PAULY.

Expecting to find a surfer dude with fishnet leggings, bandanna and cranked up skate board talk, I'm surprised to find Pauly so insightful and grounded. Entering his home, sold to Pauly by his mother, I notice his girlfriend, an ex-Playmate named Kady, folding some clothes in the bedroom.

Graduating to higher stakes through stand-up and MTV Pauly Shore has transcended the Beavis & Butthead school of humour - recently reflecting a crafted screen image.

Although Pauly is currently preparing his next album, PAULY IN THE BELLY, his next film, IN THE ARMY, and juggling club dates, meetings, rehearsals and workouts, he has just returned from the Los Angeles Mission where he and other celebrities served food to the homeless. We start talking about his adventure earlier in the day.

EB: What was it like at the Mission?

PS: You know, it was cool. It was funny too, not the situation, but I was next to Gary Coleman, who was in charge of the cranberries. I did buns in between Marilyn McCoo and Lindsay Wagner for a little while. Last year I went shopping with the homeless, which was kinda weird because they don't have houses to put the stuff in....

LAST YEAR I WENT SHOPPING WITH THE HOMELESS, WHICH WAS KINDA WEIRD BECAUSE THEY DON'T HAVE HOUSES TO PUT THE STUFF IN.

EB: You're 25. Do you feel older?

PS: Yeah. (he laughs)... I've experienced so many things, more than the average person in the world. I've been all over. I've succeeded at what I'm doing and now the hardest part is sustaining it. I don't think the hardest part was making it, cause I always knew I would.

EB: Did you?

PS: Yeah. I knew that I had something special.

EB: Does that mean that you're not insecure?

PS: Well you know, if Howard Stern was interviewing me, bringing up all my negatives, you know, I'd get a little insecure. But it seems to me that you think I'm O.K., you know what I mean, so I'm not gonna get that insecure around you. (laughs).

EB: You like Howard Stern, don't you?

PS: Yeah, I thinks he's pretty good... I called up Howard Stern the other morning to talk to John Bobbitt, 'cause I felt so sad for the guy. Bobbitt was really cool.

I guess he's a celebrity now. You have your penis chopped off and you get to be on the cover of People Magazine.

EB: Movie of the Week next.

PS: Yeah, guys are chopping off their penises every day now.

EB: You talked about Bobbitt in your act. You also talked about your family, but in an introspective, honest way.

PS: You gotta understand something, comedy is about honesty. But it's hard for me to be honest on my mom's fuckin' stage, you know? It's a funny situation, I'm the weasel, you know? Everyone kinda knows I kinda weaseled my situation (using his mother's club) and milked it. But I did it in an honest way.

EB: There was also the statement you made about your Dad, when you asked, "Has anybody ever heard of my father?"

PS: It's tough, it's tough. It's a weird relationship. It's not like it used to be, you know? I don't think he gives a shit anymore about my movies or my career. I think all he really cares about is being my father. He's getting older now and you know he said to me, "I don't care if you made it or not, because I would have been there for you either way."

EB: Well, I'm impressed that you have the courage to open up about your family considering that they are famous enough for people to know that you're telling the truth.

PS: What's cool is talking about that stuff and then later talking about sex and the porno stars. All of that shit's true, too, man. I did date a porno star, you know? I did go out with a call girl. Heidi Fleiss did call me up and tell me my girlfriend was in Egypt fucking a prince for money.

EB: You like beautiful women.

PS: Who doesn't? I'm human. But once I get over the fact that I'm dating a Playmate and she gets over the fact that she's dating this guy in the movies, we're really stuck with two people that are no different than any two people. My first attraction is the fact that they're hot looking, but after you get to know 'em, then, you're stuck with them....

EB: So it starts with a fantasy?

PS: Yeah, of course. But then after the fantasy's fulfilled you want to know if you get along. And 99% of the time, you don't.

EB: Have you ever dated a normal girl?

PS: I live in Hollywood. I can't date normal girls. There's no normal girls here.

EB: You went to high school, did you ever go out on a date with a girl there?

PS: I went out with a girl, a couple of girls there, but I

was not a very normal student at Beverly Hills High School. I was from West Hollywood, a weird environment. The Comedy Store, comedians, drugs, you know. I was always kind of — I walked like I was gay, I was in the dance company, no one knew who I was or what I was. I wasn't the jock, I wasn't a loser. I was my own person and that kind of turned off some of the girls. They didn't know who I was. But now that I have taken my personality to the screen and to the business, they know.

EB: Obviously being a winner was criteria for social acceptance at Beverly High.

PS: I went through different friends every year. I was a surfer in ninth grade. Tenth grade I was a mod, eleventh grade I was break dancer, and twelfth grade, I was a comedian. Every year I'd come out with a different look and a different thing. You know, whether it was braces or living with my guardians, a gay guy and a lesbian couple, who were married, I kinda just became myself.

EB: When did you lock in on the comedy business?

PS: I always knew I wanted to do it, and then twelfth grade came. I was sittin' in class and I remember this day - it was math or something. Everyone's SAT scores started coming back. You know what I mean? I was like - uh oh, I guess everyone's going to college. I know I'm not. This is what's in my head. I better start writing some comedy now and start getting my shit together. I started writing some stuff. I had a couple of comics help me with different bits here and there. Mitchell Walters, Alan Steven, Argus Hamilton and Mike Binder, all these guys were my guys.

I went to my Dad's apartment in Marina del Rey and I said, "Dad, I, wanna do stand up, here's my act." And he's sitting on the fucking couch and I start doing my jokes to him. He says, "Great," and I don't even know if they're funny. He says, "I'll get you a gig." So he gets me a gig at this place, Alley Cat Bistro, in Culver City. That was September 28, 1985. It was my first time ever on stage. I did jokes like, "I go to Beverly Hills High School. You know, the senior voted most likely to succeed is a kid by the name of Achmed. The guy's the crowned prince of Saudi Arabia, he's worth 200 million dollars. He says to me, 'Pauly, if you vote for me I'll give you a hundred dollars' and I say cool. The guy he beat was a Jewish kid, who only offered me $99.95." Really bad stuff. I did three different characters on stage. I did a gay guy named Percy. I did a stoner guy name Steve and a black guy named Lamont. I knew that I was closest to Steve. So I just kinda became Steve on stage.

EB: I'm sure people have wanted you to stay in that phase.

PS: Well, yeah. I had my own show on MTV, right? I mean, I was fucking rocking and rolling on MTV. And then, three years later, boom, I was just known for this guy. In my last films my characters didn't evolve. Did you notice that? But in my next movie I'm gonna evolve . That's what's so great about IN THE ARMY. It starts off with these two kids that are 18 years old who see this car and gotta have it, but don't have any money, so they join up for the reserves. It's eight years, but it's only on weekends. We don't have to cut our hair, and it let's us start up our business. We fade to eight years later, right? We got two more weeks left, right?... Two weeks and we've weaseled the government, but what happens is, we get called to war...We get put in a situation and we have to take charge, because the Marines get fucking killed and we gotta take over and become heroes. So, I actually become a man in the movie. I'm workin' out and stuff. I got a trainer 'cause my shirt's gonna be off a lot of the time in the movie.

EB: Where did you hang out when you were a kid?

PS: Skateboard park...I thought I was going to be a professional. When I was eleven I skateboarded for the Junior Pepsi Team.

EB: Is that where your language comes from?

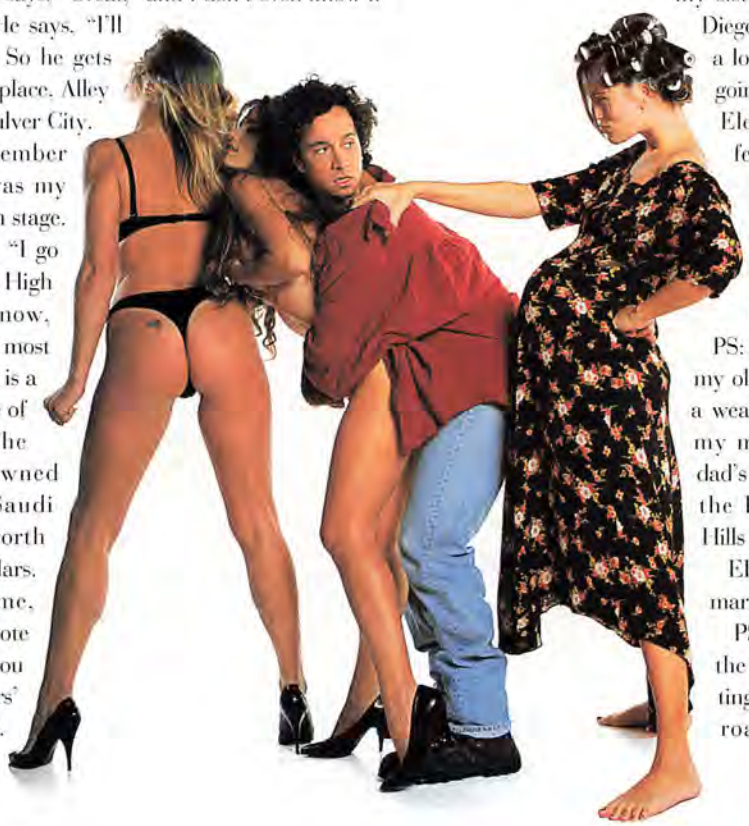
PS: Probably, it came from my environment. I think just growing up with my mom, my dad, my brothers, my sisters, my friends, San Diego, surfing down there a lot, and then this area, going to West Hollywood Elementary and transferring to the Beverly Hills School District in the sixth grade was, you know, my environment.

EB: Pure L.A.

PS: Yeah, I did a joke in my old act — I come from a wealthy divorced family, my mom's wealthy, my dad's divorced. You know, the Hollywood Beverly Hills family.

EB: Do you want to get married, have kids?

PS: Yeah. I don't want the groupies. I'll be sitting in my room and my road manager will



Pauly's rogueish persona often gets him in trouble with women both on and off stage. And he's often run the sexual red-light in public dating the likes of Heidi Fleiss girls and porno-stars.

pound on my door and say, "Pauly this girl wants to give you head. Right now, she wants to blow you." And I'll say, (gestures dramatically)"No tell her to leave. I'm not into that — I want to read my novel." It's like the joke I did last night, "I go out on the road, but only for a couple of weeks. That's all my weiner can take."

EB: Can you elaborate on a statement you made in your act, "Girls are psycho and guys are insecure."

PS: It's true. Girls are psycho in the majority. I'm not talking specifics. I mean, girls are very, very...look, this guy got his penis fuckin' chopped, you know, that means this girl was psycho. One night, you know, they get out all their problems and they cry and the next day they're, "Hi honey, it's me." And I'm thinkin', "Are you the same girl that was crying and screaming at me last night?"

And when a guy is in love with a girl he doesn't want to take her out because he knows she's gonna fucking get swooped on by someone maybe better or more powerful than himself. That's a very insecure thing that guys, most guys, can't handle.

EB: Maybe it's just about a fair give and take. People have got to know each other and hopefully start living together like peaceful countries.

PS: Yeah, like Canada.

EB: It's always changing, some people are into dominating, others are into being humiliated and degraded.

PS: And pissed on. That's why you hear about some congressman getting found in a little motel room with a chicken suit on, all tied up.

EB: I guess everybody needs to let loose and be in a state of abandonment.

PS: Yeah, that's why sex is good. You know, when you're having sex with someone it's good when they're controlling you sometimes, and sometimes when you're controlling them... I mean if you're both trying to be in control you're just going to fall off the bed.

EB: Which gets me to another subject in your act, strip bars.

PS: Titty-bars are huge in middle America. Texas, Atlanta, Florida...

EB: Who got you into that scene?

PS: Kinison.

EB: He took you to the clubs?

PS: Yeah he took me to the strip joints in Peoria Illinois, you know? Tied me, locked me to a fucking chair on the main stage and had like some fat, cottage cheese like fucking pig rub against me. Oh god, you know. He put me in front of all that stuff.

EB: He was your comedy mentor.

PS: Yeah...

EB: I know just before he died, you were doing shows with him.

PS: I'll tell you. Me and him, it was the most amazing fucking experience that I've ever had. This is what happened. It was the night before New Year's. It was me and Sam Kinison in the main room of the Comedy Store. And it was packed and it was fuckin' rockin', and after that show we went to his place, then hopped into the limo which took us to the airport in Van Nuys or something. We got on the fuckin' Lear jet, we flew right into Vegas that night, and continued our party all through the night. And after that, when the morning came, like six or seven, we went and did the radio. We went and did KMCP to promote the New Year's Eve show in Vegas. Do you understand? And, it was me, Tommy Chong and Sam Kinison. It was the 70's, the 80's the 90's of comedy. It was probably the most exciting show that I have ever done, over 6,000 people. It was amazing.

I experienced a lot of amazing things with the guy. He's the main reason I'm an act, more than anyone. In '85, he was fuckin' amazing. He was hot. He was sizzlin', and I was right there.

HEIDI FLEISS DIDN'T ME UP AND TELL ME MY GIRLFRIEND WAS IN EGYPT FUCKING A PRINCE FOR MONEY.

EB: Where were you when you heard that he died?

PS: Bakersfield. I was on a California run doing a bus tour up the coast, playing a couple thousand seats. And I checked my messages, and there was like ten messages on it, which was weird 'cause I had just checked it the day before.

I got one from my friend Mark , who called me and said, "Uh, Dude I'm sorry to hear about your guy, we used to watch him a lot." I didn't know who he was talking about. Next thing was my brother Pete, and he says, "Dude! I'm bummed, sorry about Sam..." And right then I turned on CNN and there it was - late comedian Sam Kinison, bla, bla, bla...And I was like — no way, no way. I didn't cry or anything. I didn't believe it.

And then it hit me like 15 -20 minutes later. Fuck, Sam died! I called the Store, I called my mom. I had to do a show that night and then the next day I flew in and it didn't really hit me 'til I got back to my people, my home and my family. I woke up the next morning and I opened up the Sunday paper and there was that picture of him and Malika. And I fuckin' just started balling. It really hit me and it was devastating for me. To this day it's like I'm really frustrated, I have no one to look up to anymore, as a standup mentor. It's obvious that he had an influence on me.

I went to his funeral and I did a little talk there. There was only five of us that got to go up. I followed Robin (Williams). It was really hard for me and I know it's gonna be for the rest of my life, until I pass away and I see him again. I keep on thinking he's gonna walk in the door...

EB: So, Pauly, do you think you'll ever be PAUL Shore some day?

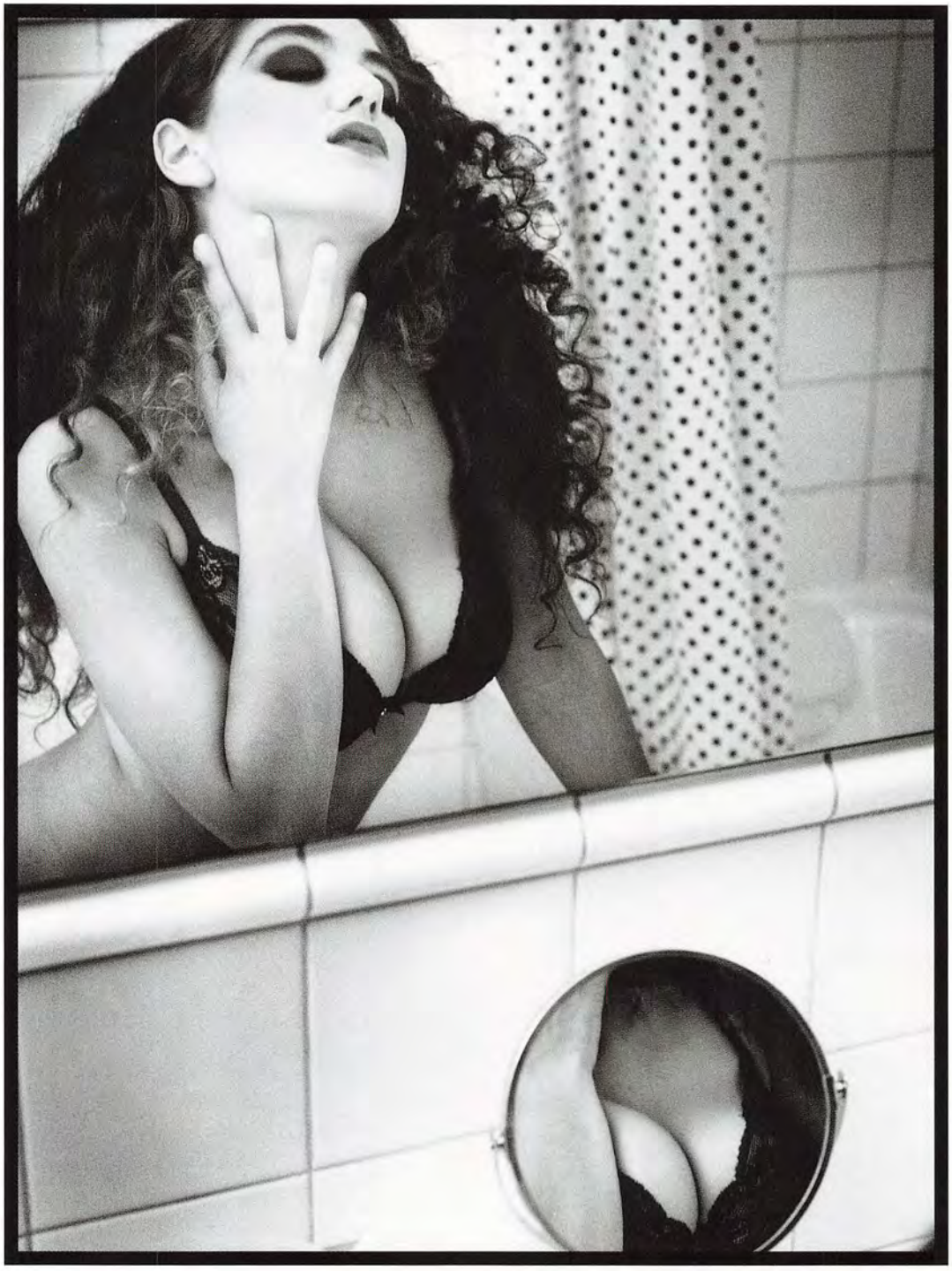
PS: Paul instead of Pauly? No, I'll always be Pauly. ●

PARIS

AFTER DARK

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CONRAD GODLY

Fanny Cadeo is an up and coming actress on the European movie scene. She is much in demand by the more avant garde film directors.



Conrad Godly epitomizes Cadeo's passion, with a stylistic nod toward the Polanski sex-thriller, Bitter Moon.

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THE BODY IN QUESTION

BEHIND THE SCENES WITH SHELLEY MICHELLE, HOLLYWOOD'S HOTTEST BODY DOUBLE. BY JAMES COUNT

"Not anyone can just become a body double," says Shelley Michelle with certainty. "You have to have the right kind of body, keep it in top shape and have no inhibitions about throwing your clothes off and doing really hot, steamy sex scenes with complete strangers while a bunch of crew members stand around watching. It's not easy."

If anyone should know whereof she speaks, Shelley should. The 5'8" green-eyed blonde is Hollywood's top body double and has gladly offered up her lithe legs, curvaceous derriere and other assorted body parts for your delectation and entertainment in such films as *'Pretty Woman'* (she doubled Julia Roberts' arms and legs). *'My Stepmother is an Alien'* and *'Final Analysis'* (Kim Basinger's body and legs) and *'Overexposed'* (Catherine Oxenberg's body).

Shelley has also doubled for the likes of Madonna, Barbra Streisand, Claudia Christian and Anne Archer, ladies of very different stature and shape. "I seem to be that real generic size that can go bigger or smaller," she states. "I do actresses that are 3" taller and 3" shorter and I also do them 10 years younger than me and 20 years older. The age range is funny. I've done stuff for these B actresses you've never heard of, a lot of topless things and they're like 17 and no one will take their tops off. So they'll use me and I'm 10 years older!"

In the hermetic world of body-doubling, anatomy is destiny and Shelley has just the kind of body — taut but luscious — that many actresses, and a lot of directors, crave.

Fortunately for these actresses and directors, she also has the necessary matching attitude towards her calling which can pay handsomely — up to $2000 a day. "Nudity is not a problem for me," she says breezily. "I've been doing it for so long that I'm very uninhibited about my body and my sexuality. Basically, I look at my body like an art form. So I use my body to make those other actresses look gorgeous, sexy; to make them look perfect. My job is to keep my body looking really shapely and in peak form."

Meeting the smart, personable multi-hyphenate (actress-body double-singer-dancer and let's not forget Miss Armed Forces) for the first time in the flesh, so to speak, you might be tempted to remark that you didn't recognize her with her clothes on.

It's a cheap shot and probably inaccurate as Shelley also appeared complete with her least-photographed body part, her face, in last year's hit *'Rising Sun.'* "Okay, so I was lying there naked while they ate sushi off my stomach," she points out, "but it was me. I wasn't playing anyone else."

It's interesting that Shelley's stomach was chosen above all possible stomachs for the memorable, if small, featured role in the Sean Connery thriller. How does she rate her own body parts? "I think my legs (which are insured for $1 million) and my eyes are my best features," she decides. "Then I'd say my stomach. Everyone says it's great and I think a lot of men are more turned on by my stomach than my legs, which is interesting. I don't know why. Men seem to love tummies. You know how some say they're a leg man or a tit man or a butt man? Well, a lot of men with me have said, 'I'm a tummy man. I love tummies.'"

For those who are curious about Shelley's preternatural flat stomach and her ability to balance thereon a hearty selection of sushi, she reveals that "I owe it all to dance. I've always been a dancer and very body conscious. I've been a ballet dancer for 18 years — ballet, not belly — and I still take ballet classes. It shapes your legs and your whole body and when I work, it's a bit like dance. Even when I'm doing love scenes for stars, I choreograph it to a count of 8. So I'll be on

Shelley doubled legs and arms for Julia Roberts' happy hooker in the romantic comedy *Pretty Woman* (above). For Kim Basinger, Shelley supplied the body and Dan Akroyd lays on hands in *My Stepmother is an Alien* (opposite).

top of you for 4, and then we'll turn at 4 and you'll be on top of me and we'll kiss then. So everything's very choreographed and shooting love scenes or sex scenes isn't as romantic as you'd think. It's very mechanical."

"Do I ever get turned on? If the actor is frigid about it, usually I'll just go through the motion," she admits. "But if he's cool then I'll start getting into it and yeah, I'll give him something to bounce back from. If I'm stiff, he's going to be stiff. So I have to be more free-spirited about it."

What if the actor starts off loose and playful and then gets, ahem, stiff about it all? "Oh God!" she giggles. "I always kind of act like it's not happening because otherwise he gets very embarrassed. Let's face it, if you're getting on well and the scenes are really hot, it's bound to happen and I guess it's much harder for a man to cover it than a woman."

Another occupational hazard includes *guys who get carried away*. "A lot of times I'll get pursued by the actor thinking and he's thinking, 'God, this girl is great! Let me see if I can take this a step further,'" reports Shelley. "When I did the sex scenes for Catherine Oxenberg in *'Overexposed,'* they were pretty explicit and raunchy and — no names — the actor really liked me. He was like, 'God, I like working with a girl who's so great at this!' Then afterwards he asked me out to dinner and if I'd like to continue the sex scene because you get all hot and steamy, and I was like, 'No, no, this is my job.' Sometimes the guys get all turned on but for me it's just a job. It's my profession. I go in and do it and get out."

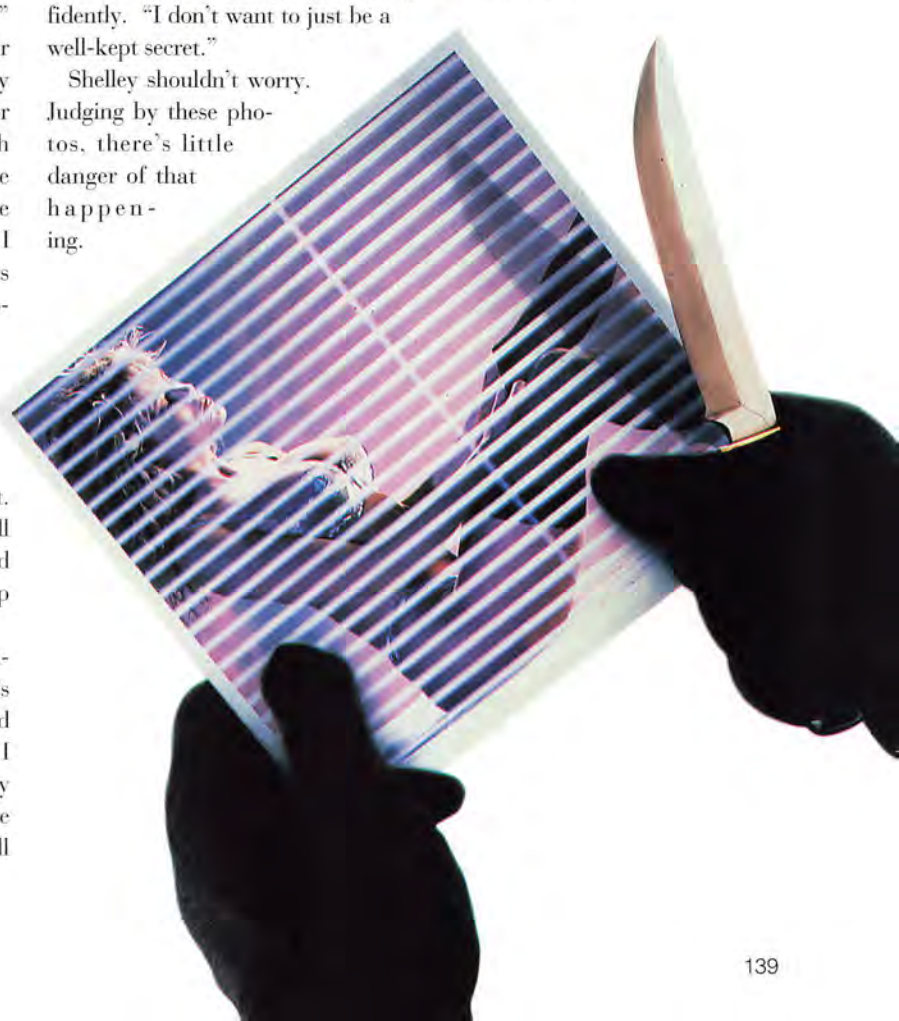
On *'Nails,'* where she doubled for Anne Archer, Shelley was ardently pursued by her well-known leading man after some other sizzling sex scenes. "He also called me and asked me not to talk about it," she reports. "He didn't want it getting out. His publicist also called me and said, 'Please don't tell anyone that _____ followed you to the trailer.' I could have carried that on in a second but I didn't. I keep professional."

Shelley credits her boyfriend with helping her maintain her equilibrium in the face of such suitors. "He's in radio and we've been going out for about a year and a half and we just got engaged," she says. "When I met him I'd already done Playboy and I was already established, and he's the only man in the world I've ever met who completely understands my job. He'll just say, 'Hey, you gotta go do a love scene, I don't mind.' So I think that's why I'm so free-spirited about the job. There's no jealousy or pressure there."

Ironically, it seems that Shelley was subject to both from Kim Basinger after doubling for the actress in *'My Stepmother is an Alien.'* "She was difficult and she was the only one that threatened me with a lawsuit," she reports. "I did the scene where she's floating in zero gravity and putting on nylons, and I guess she wanted everyone to think it was really her, but there was no way she could do that stunt because of her contract. They wouldn't let her get 25-feet up in the air bending down putting on nylons. They couldn't afford to have their star up there. They'd rather risk their double's life."

Not that Shelley, who adds that Julia Roberts was "the nicest star to work for," has any intention of letting such slights slow her down. "Body doubling has been a great stepping stone for me into what I really want to do, which is legitimate acting," she states confidently. "I don't want to just be a well-kept secret."

Shelley shouldn't worry. Judging by these photos, there's little danger of that happening.



Kim Basinger gets the Michelle treatment again in *Final Analysis* for a steamy denouement with Richard Gere.

How many successful jumps do you need to join the skydivers association?
All of them.

What's the difference between Roger Clinton and Billy Carter?
Nothing.

Why did it take so long for Lorena Bobbitt to throw her husband's dick out the window?
She didn't have the balls.

What did the lady on the beach say to Michael Jackson?
Get out of my sun.

What's the best thing about a blow job?
10 minutes of peace and quiet.

Jackie

MARTLING'S JOKELAND

What do you get when you cross a lesbian with a draft dodger?
Chelsea.

What should you do if you have a giraffe with three balls?
Walk him, and pitch to the elephant.

How can you tell when a Hell's Angel is happy?
He has bugs in his teeth.

What's the worst thing about performing for midgets?
You could get a standing ovation, and not know it.

What's the difference between a *plaque* and a *plick?*
A plaque hangs on a wall;
A plick hangs on a Chinaman.

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hard day's night

BIG APPLE LATE NIGHT

When New Yorkers talk to jazz fans in other major cities they frequently hear a familiar refrain, "it's not like New York, but..."

Despite some deficiencies, New York has a thriving jazz scene with enough good music on almost any given night to keep most jazz appetites completely satisfied. Jazz clubs rule the scene and all of the best nightspots are located in Greenwich Village, within walking distance of one another.

The Village Vanguard's role as New York's leading jazz club is unmatched. Founded 59 years ago by Max Gordon, and now run by his widow, Lorraine Gordon, the Vanguard both preserves jazz' history and defines its present.

The Vanguard is perilously short on creature comforts. The seats are efficient, the sight-lines are bad, the spirits are notoriously limited, there is no food and the service is rarely friendly. But none of that matters, once the music starts. The Vanguard has a legendary sound. And the nicely refurbished basement is homey enough to make it seem as if top rank musicians were playing in your living room. Gordon's standards are high; even Harry Connick Jr., had to lobby for months before getting a booking.

The polar opposite of the Vanguard is the Blue Note. "You feel like the point of going there is to spend money," groused one local critic. It is costly. Whereas a night in most jazz clubs will run about $30 per person, a night at the Blue Note can hit you almost double. Before and after each set the club hawks its souvenirs: Blue Note belt buckles, golf tees, dollar bill clips and the like. But amid all this commercialism, they do get top name performers. From rhythm and blues legend-diva Betty Carter. The Blue Note gets the best and they put them in your lap.

In the mid '80s Sweet Basil vied for the top spot among New York's jazz clubs and today it remains a reliable venue for good jazz. Basil's range of music is wider than its rivals; cutting-edge electric jazz and the avant garde are both welcome here. The club's cozy environs give it nice acoustics and its menu is slightly better than the pub food found at many jazz clubs.

Bradley's is the closest thing New Yorkers have to a musicians' hangout where impromptu jam sessions can take place at 3 am. Its piano is widely regarded as the city's best, and its bookings tend toward small combos. And, in a rarity for a jazz bar, it has good beer on tap and an excellent selection of spirits.

The Knitting Factory represents the outside edge of this scene. Unlike its tiny counterparts, it is a proudly ramshackle dive. And its billings mix jazz with avant rock and other forms of downtown noise. The club has a fierce loyalty among devotees of adventurous music and no serious jazz fan can afford to ignore the place.

The critics aside, for a jazz fan, there's no better place to be than New York. ●

—Martin Johnson

OTHER SIDE OF THE TRACKS

Pick your cliché: these clubs represent the cream of the crop or the tip of the iceberg. One way or another there are a lot of other vital jazz clubs in New York. Zanzibar and Grill and The Cooler are leading venues for adventurous electric bands. Birdland is a great haven for young upstarts who don't yet have the name required for major nightclub bookings. Down Beat is a newcomer in the Sweet Basil mode. Fat Tuesday's, the tight basement of a restaurant, has been a presenter of major jazz talent for years.

Thursday nights are especially hot on the jazz scene. Every week for almost two years, the Mingus Big Band, a group of leading musicians dedicated to playing the knotty arrangements and rambunctious music of Charles Mingus holds forth at The Fez, a club in the basement of the tres chic Time Cafe. Then, at the Cooler, Giant Step, the club scene that nurtured a lot of the hip hop-jazz fusion gets down with its unique mix of jazz, early funk, rap and poetry.

Addresses of Jazz Clubs, all (212) area code:

Village Vanguard 178 Seventh Avenue, 255-4037
Blue Note 131 West 3rd Street, 475-8592
Sweet Basil 88 Seventh Avenue South, 242-1785
Bradley's 70 University Place, 228-6440
Knitting Factory 47 East Houston, 219-3055
The Cooler 416 West 14th Street, 229-0785
Zanzibar and Grill 73 Eighth Avenue, 924-9755
Downbeat 101 Seventh Avenue South, 620-4000
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parting glances

RY COODER: SLIDE-GUITAR MAVERICK.

On a rare rainy day in Santa Monica, Ry Cooder, like his music, is full of surprises. In a career that spans decades, he is undoubtedly the king of slide guitar, as the 'slow-burn' success of his many albums suggest. Then there's his World Music too. And with movie soundtracks like *Trespass*, *Crossroads*, and the hauntingly memorable *Paris, Texas* to date - Ry Cooder will definitely go down in history as part musician, part composer, yet all ground-breaking troubadour.

Coming in out of the cold, Cooder answers all questions with the same quirky spark that runs through his music.

Platinum: Was music a career aim from an early age?

Ry Cooder: No, I couldn't imagine how things got done back then. I used to listen to records and not understand it at all. Where was the source of all this sound?

P: How did you learn about music?

RC: By ear - you either hear it by ear or you go for it systematically - and I could never quite do that.

P: Can you read music - and if not - has that been a hindrance?

RC: No, I cannot - I never learned. Sure, I'd like to be able to sit down and talk to somebody in those terms. It would be much easier than saying 'What's that thing you just did?' It's so stupid, people are nice to me. But you really ought to be able to say 'fix that dotted chord tie with a major 13th chord...'

P:Do you feel you've endured because of staying in Santa Monica all these years?

RC: Maybe, the ocean is out there. But it's also inside your head. You need to feel it and project it out. I always thought, though, that environment was key. It's why Hawaiian (guitar) sounds better in Hawaii, it's why New Orleans music sounds better in New Orleans. It adds a certain length to the place, you see; you can feel that coming through.

P: What comes through your music?

RC: One can't know. That's for other people to say and write down.

P: Is there a difference between working on film soundtracks and your World Music collaborations?

RC: It's not so different. The film is like - you look at the images, you think of the story, you watch the rhythm of it and you say, 'I will now tune into this and play what I think it's saying.' But it's easier with a person, real easy. You basically let him run on and do whatever you can.

P: Which do you prefer?

RC: I don't have one preference over another, but I must say, the film thing can be great when you hook into something, and you know it's right, and it starts to take hold.

P: Does your film music subsidize your World Music collaborations?

RC: Well yeah, you gotta make money. Christ, I ain't made any money off him (Ali Farka Toure), or Bhatt, or anybody. I've yet to see a dollar from any of this stuff, my own records included. I've seen some dollars, but not very many. Walter Hill really helped me out here and started hiring me to do these films, and I mean now it's real money - as opposed to going on tour where you spend every nickel and then some.

P: Would you get up and jam in a club anymore?

RC: I wouldn't exactly do that.

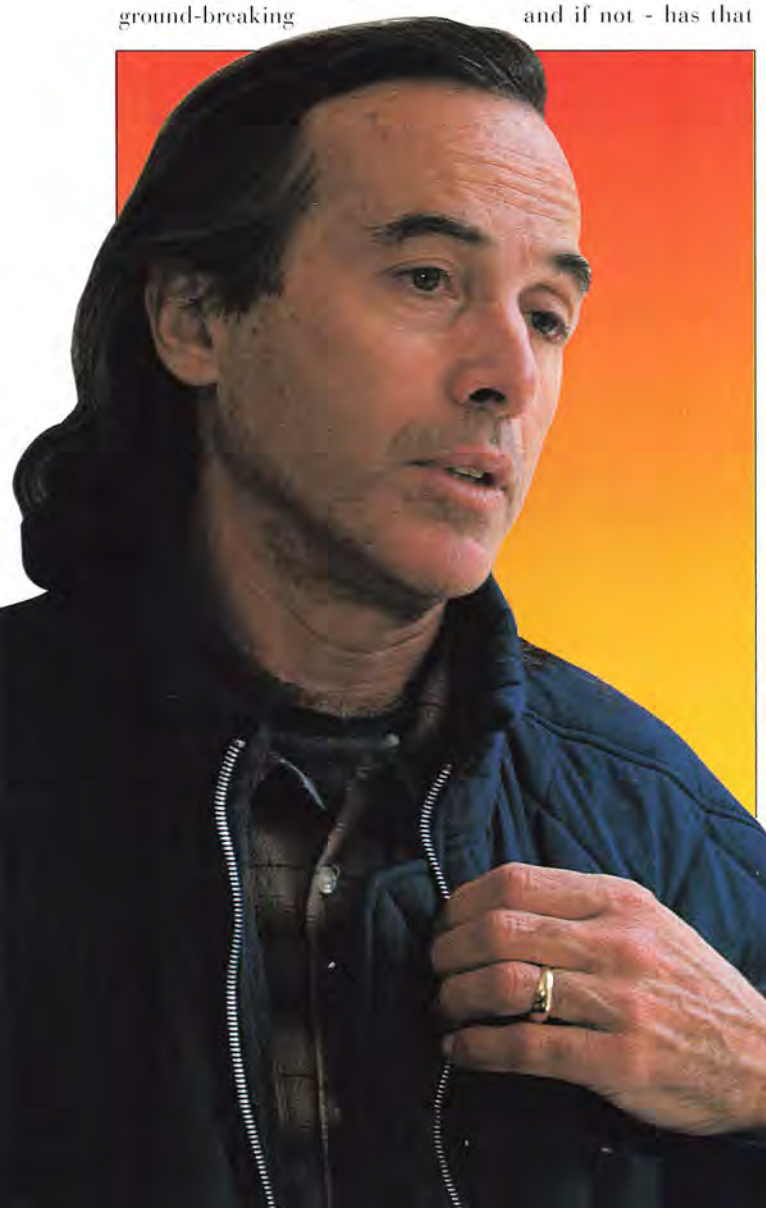
P: Is it true that you go and jam with Harry Dean Stanton at Bokaos in Beverly Hills?

RC: I done a bit of that, but it isn't quite the thing that it used to be. In any case, I know some Caribbean guys who have a steel band, they're fun to play with. If they call me I'll go play. L.A.'s full of every kind of musician playing somewhere all the time. I just haven't really pursued it that much. One reason is, I don't like cigarette smoke, and I don't like to stay up late.

P: Are you still going to be in music twenty years down the line?

RC: I expect I'll do something. I don't have any other way of making a living. Music is a good thing - as you get older you get better at it. It's not like being a basketball player. So, I'm very fortunate. ●

—Laura Connolly



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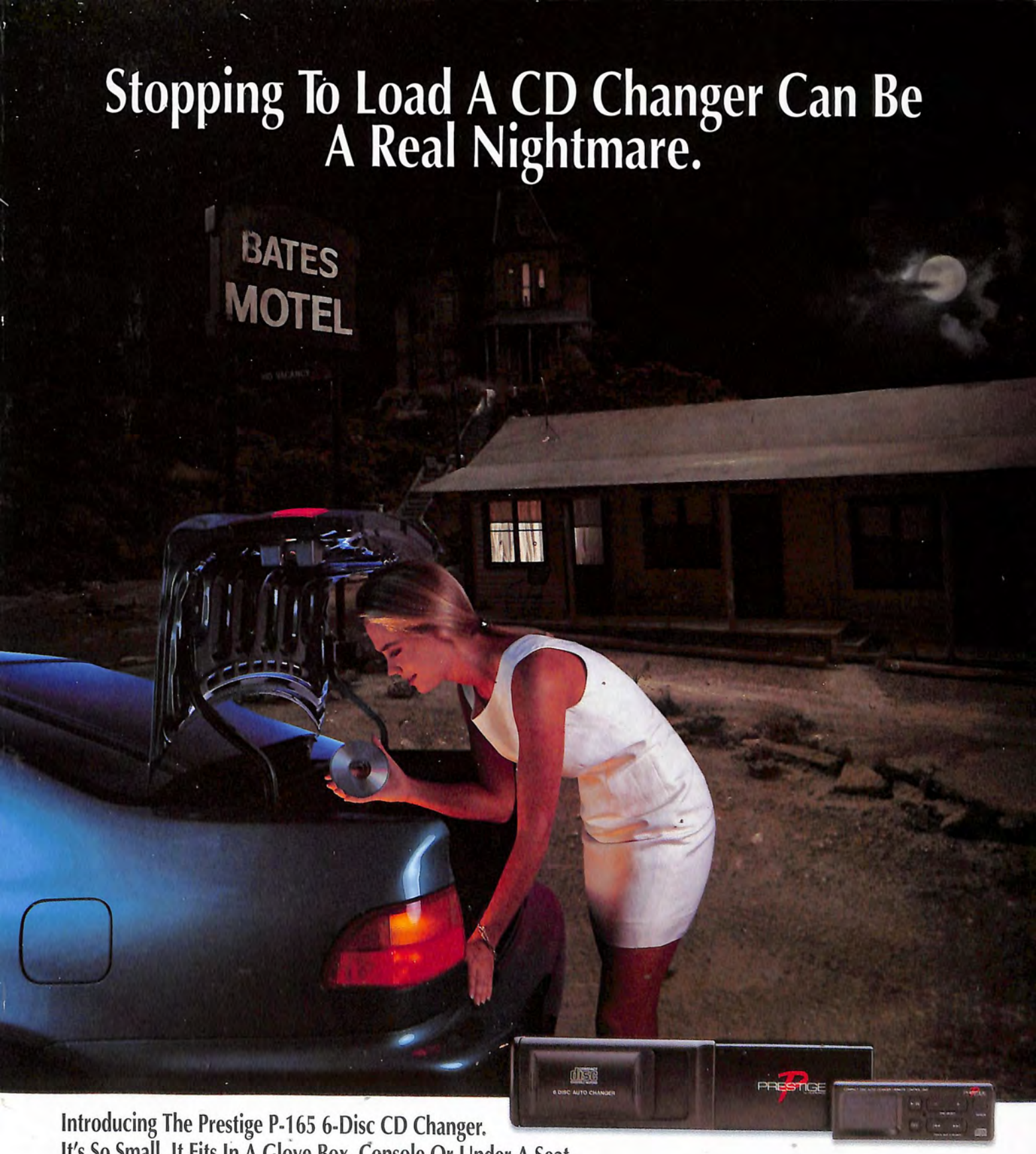

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